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ANNUAL MONITOR.

NEW SERIES, No. 19.

THE

ANNUAL MONITOR

FOR 1861,

OR

OBITUARY

OF THE

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

In Great Britain and Ireland,

FOR THE YEAR 1860.

L O N D O N :

SOLD BY A. W. BENNETT, (SUCCESSOR TO W. AND F. G. CASH,)

BULL, HUNTON AND CO., DARTON AND CO., AND E. MARSH:

THOMAS BRADY, AND GEORGE HOPE, YORK.

1860.



P R E F A C E .

1291843

IN presenting the readers of the ANNUAL MONITOR with another record of the departed, it may be noticed as an interesting fact, in connection, perhaps, with the extraordinary character of the season, that it exhibits a considerable proportionate increase in the rate of mortality among the older lives, so that, whilst the total number of deaths is not in excess of that of former years, the average age during 1859-1860 is greater than has been recorded before in this periodical, viz., 55 years 8 months $\frac{1}{2}$ day.

The memorials accompanying the obituary, it will be seen, are fewer than usual, reducing this little volume, even with an increased amount of additional matter, below the ordinary size. The biographical sketches, and the closing scenes of the departed,

which are given, do, however, instructively show, like many others gone before, that "A believer's impression of the truth of God is no mere fancy. Experimental godliness is not the offspring of a morbid imagination, or the product of an enthusiastic mind; but 'he that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself,' that he has yielded the assent of his judgment and his affections to no 'cunningly devised fable.' A sense of sin, brokenness and contrition before God, faith in the atoning blood of Christ, a sweet consciousness of pardon, acceptance, adoption, and joy in the Holy Ghost, are no mere hallucinations of a disordered mind. To have one's pardon fully, fairly written out; to look up to God as one accepted, adopted; to feel the spirit going out to Him in filial love and confidence, breathing its tender and endearing epithet, 'Abba, Father!' to refer every trial, cross, and dispensation of Providence, to his tender and unchangeable love; to have one's will, naturally so rebellious and perverse, completely absorbed in His; to be as a weaned child, simply and unreservedly yielded up to His disposal, and to live in the patient waiting for the glory

that is to be revealed:—*this is reality*:—sweet, blessed, solemn reality. Holy and happy is that man whose heart is not a stranger to these truths!

“If the time of his bodily and mental health has been a time of spiritual diligence and enjoyment—a time of faith in Christ, and devotedness to his service, in communion with the Spirit,—a time of progressive meetness for heaven,—and at last, in the taking down of the tabernacle, the powers of expression or of consciousness should fail, or ‘the tender thread of life should be suddenly cut, then, how consolatory the thought that the affairs of the soul for eternity were settled; the house was set in order before the natural faculties were impaired, and, the Holy Spirit having completed His work, the redeemed soul is borne peacefully away from the shattered tenement it inhabited! The summons came, and though its execution gave a shock to the physical and intellectual man, yet it found the soul ready, having nothing to do but to arise, depart, and be with Christ. Then, though no sentences of holy confidence or of triumphant joy were heard,—though no words of prayer or praise were uttered,—though no texts of Holy Writ

were repeated,—though no *dying* testimony to the truth of the Gospel and the faithfulness of Christ were borne, yet the *living testimony*, the witness of a *life*, when body and mind were in sound health, should be incalculably more satisfactory than a few sentences expressed, perhaps, amidst the excitement and feebleness of disease and the approach of death. Though it is comforting and confirming to the believer, and to surviving friends, if, in addition to the witness of this life, there should be also the calm and intelligent confidence in Christ expressed in death, and so an abundant entrance be administered to him, to the joy of his Lord ; yet, if one be wanting, let it be the dying rather than the living testimony.”

Some of these thoughts may perhaps have a bearing upon not a few of the three hundred, or more, of whom nothing is seen in these pages but the obituary notice ; and in reflecting upon and mourning their loss, many may find cause gratefully to adopt the language, “Thanks be to God who hath given the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ !” and be comforted respecting their dead.

In glancing over these simple records of mortality,

whether accompanied by memorials or not, may they be the means of bringing before the reader the responsibilities of life—the hopes and realities of eternity! Through the blessing of the Lord, may they speak the word of encouragement to all—early and earnestly to seek an abiding interest in the unsearchable riches of Christ, or, if already secured, to press onwards towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, that, not living to ourselves, but unto Him who died for us and rose again, whether we live or die we may be the Lord's !

THE ANNUAL MONITOR.

OBITUARY.

	Age.	Time of Decease.	
MARGARET ABBOTT,	92	21 12 mo.	1859
<i>Glanmire. County Cork, Ireland.</i>			
MARY AIREY, <i>Southport,</i>	72	20 2 mo.	1860
SARAH ALEXANDER,	51	22 4 mo.	1860
<i>Leominster. A Minister. Wife of Samuel Alexander.</i>			
REBECCA ALLEN, Jun.,	31	29 9 mo.	1860
<i>Rich-hill, Ireland. Daughter of John and Rebecca Allen.</i>			
SARAH ARCH, <i>Basingstoke.</i>	86	27 7 mo.	1860
<i>Widow of John Arch.</i>			
JOHN ASHBY,	47	26 4 mo.	1860
<i>Slough, near Staines.</i>			
MARGARET ATKINSON,	80	11 7 mo.	1860
<i>Stockton-on-Tees. A Minister. Widow of Benjamin Atkinson.</i>			

EDWARD BACKHOUSE,	79	7	6 mo.	1860
<i>Ashburne, near Sunderland.</i>				
MARY BACKHOUSE,	71	23	7 mo.	1860
<i>Ashburne, near Sunderland.</i> Widow of Edward Backhouse.				
SARAH BAKER, <i>York.</i>	70	18	5 mo.	1860
Widow of William Baker.				
MARY BALE, <i>Luton, Beds.</i>	89	16	4 mo.	1860
Widow of John Bale.				
SUSANNA BARNES,	18	1	4 mo.	1860
<i>Waterford, Ireland.</i> Daughter of Thomas and Margaret Barnes.				
SARAH BARNES,	81	4	3 mo.	1860
<i>Southwark, London.</i>				
ANN BARRETT,	60	24	8 mo.	1860
<i>Hackney Road, London.</i>				
ISABELLA BARRETT,	27	25	9 mo.	1860
<i>Camberwell, London.</i> Wife of Joseph Barrett.				

“Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory,” would be the ascription of every redeemed one, if permitted from the mansion in his Father’s house to retrace the steps of his pilgrimage journey. And in offering the following brief notice of one, whose short life has left an indelible impression on those who knew her, it is our desire to join in the same song of praise, and to adopt the language, “Thanks be

unto God who hath given her the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

From very early life the struggle between good and evil was strikingly apparent in the mind of this dear young friend. Possessing naturally a strong will, ardent affections, great earnestness of character, and a keen thirst for knowledge, she soon gave promise of exercising a powerful influence on those around her; and it became a source of anxious and absorbing interest to those most nearly concerned for her best welfare, to watch the progress of her spiritual development.

The barrier of natural reserve prevented her from disclosing, except to one or two of her most intimate friends, the operations of her hidden life; and the leaven of the kingdom might appear for a time hidden, even whilst its work within her was progressive. The Holy Spirit performed His office of convincing her of sin—strong was her sense of her own corrupt nature, and utter inability to help herself; and when, through unwatchfulness, she had yielded to temptation, most sincere was her confession that her failure had been caused by depending on her own strength; and great was her prostration before the Lord, whilst seeking reconciliation by the blood of his Son. One or two passages taken from letters

addressed to a dear and intimate friend, will exhibit some of the workings of her soul.

1853. "I feel sure that if we had not some of the 'tossings,' and frequently too, my earth-loving heart would be settling down in the enjoyment of the blessings dispensed; and the greatest blessing of all is that we are not thus left to indulge in this quiet settlement. This sometimes leads to an increased realization of the length and depth and breadth and height of that love which so surrounds us. How great a help in pursuing our daily path is even a little portion of the *trustful* spirit."

1854. "When first the 'living water' was tasted, when the Rock upon which we stand was first felt to be the alone sure foundation, the aspect of everything seemed changed; and life, though leading through the Valley of Humiliation, seemed an easy path in comparison with that which had been trodden. But now it is very different. The necessity of maintaining a continual painful combat has seemed to fall upon me with an almost crushing weight; not but that I saw the need of watchfulness and earnest striving before, but I never realized the unceasing *fight*.
* * * Something must be very wrong, or I surely should not feel so entirely discouraged.

The inconsistencies of others are so staggering; and what should be to them, as Christians, the most interesting subject, and the dearest, appears to be the least thought of. Is it not that we are in reality ashamed of showing our love to Jesus before men? * * * If we could only live in constant dependence on our Heavenly Father, we should not then fear the continual battle-field—but to that it does seem impossible to attain. It is so humiliating to go back to the very first step, to go again and again, 'just as we are,' and seek forgiveness for such constantly recurring sin. O how pride will rebel against it; how much rather ought we to think of the infinite love which has set open that cleansing fountain."

1857. "It is strange that we should ever feel tempted to limit 'forgiving love,' and perhaps scarcely anything else reveals so fully how very little some of us realize those depths which are alone discernible to the eye of faith; that faith, which by looking unto Jesus, rather than so reproachfully on self, would lead the soul to the restful consciousness of being complete in Him. * * * Through all, though it be 'toiling in rowing,' and in darkness too, yet there is a gleam of hope sometimes that Jesus himself is walking on the sea, and a steadfast trust that through Him the shore will eventually be reached."

As she advanced in years, it was evident that the "little leaven" was gradually leavening the whole lump; and this was manifested not only in earnest desires on her own behalf for complete conformity to the will of her Heavenly Father, but also in the deep concern she evinced for the spiritual progress of her young companions. Nothing trifling or superficial satisfied her—having bought the truth herself, she dreaded lest any should content themselves with a shallow profession of it, and faithful and earnest were her words of counsel. She exerted herself, also, to promote the good of the poor in her neighbourhood, and was actively engaged in pursuits of this kind till her own personal attention was suspended by her marriage.

In the prospect of this union, and in allusion to the cares and responsibilities of her future life, she writes :

Tenth month, 25th, 1858 : * * * * "Not that I think I shrink faint-heartedly from them. I have long ceased to look for rest and ease on earth, and scarcely desire them, but to be girded up for its most real battle, clad in the armour of the true warrior; it is this I earnestly covet. * * Amidst all that engrosses thy attention, I wonder if thou art ever troubled with a certain *cui bono* feeling

which at times sorely tries me, quenching the little zeal one may have in its cold stream, and standing across every path which a desire for usefulness may prompt to pursue. To those of weaker faith it is not so easy to 'cast one's bread upon the waters,' and then quietly walk away with the assurance (consoling enough to a realizing faith) that '*we shall find it after many days.*' It is weary work to see so little fruit result from all our painstaking, and one is tempted half impatiently to ask, 'Must our whole life expire in *doing*, and never leave us leisure time *to be?*' Still, at times, there is a more humble and patient spirit uppermost, which feels that there is a debt of gratitude due from us, which, though it can never be discharged, it is our high and solemn privilege to acknowledge by nothing less than the dedication of our whole lives' service to the great Creditor."

And again, Twelfth month, 31st, 1858: "This old year is nearly gone—solemn thought! I dare hardly trust myself to take a retrospective glance along its mazy paths and chequered scenes, bright lights and deep shadows. One word, however, is written over every step, and that is 'Mercy.' 'Thou crownest the year with thy goodness' is the reverent feeling of my heart as I write. Onwards I cannot look yet. 'I will lead the blind by a way

that they know not,' may, perhaps, be applicable to me, and if He lead in the paths I have not known, faith faintly whispers, 'Thou needst not fear.' "

Although not of a robust constitution, and liable to slight attacks of illness, she had for some time enjoyed a good share of health ; but in the winter of 1858-9, an attack of cold on the chest was followed by a severe bronchial affection, the termination of which at one time seemed doubtful. During a considerable part of this illness she was staying with her mother at Torquay, and the state of her mind at that time will be shewn by the following extracts from her letters :

Third month, 16th, 1859. Torquay. In allusion to a recent attack of illness, * * * " O ! how precious is this quiet confidence ; without it, one would indeed often sink beneath the storms of life. This pull-back has been to me, perhaps, the bitterest of all since being poorly. Yet I desire to feel truly patient and not look too anxiously forward ; and generally I am, I think, mercifully permitted to repose in His tried love, who wounds that He may heal, and can acknowledge that in this cup

' His hand hath mixed, to make its soreness less,
Some cordial drops for which His name I bless,
And offer up my mite of thankfulness.'

This, in spite of all my unworthiness to feel it, is often the overflowing language of my heart. I feel my position a solemn one, hanging, as it were, between two worlds—*this* presenting a field of intenser *life* than I have yet known, and *that* coming so near, that, though unseen, it scarcely seems less real, and how much fuller of actual vitality than the other. * * * I feel now obliged to believe that my health *is*, and *may be*, delicate, but if that be one of the means designed to draw us daily more Zionwards, His will (reverently would I write it) be done.”

Third month, 21st, 1859. In reference to the same subject: “However, as the Persians say, ‘there is a silver lining to every cloud,’ and even if our earthly prospects look sombre it matters little; a few more years of conflict, deeper draughts, it may be, of tribulation, and O! then, an eternity of Heaven’s brightness afterwards. Nothing, I think, either in health or sickness, ever helps me onwards as that thought always does; and for years past it has been almost habitually twining itself with my daily life. Hast thou not often rejoiced in it too? Perhaps thou wilt say it is presumptuous for an erring, weak creature to calculate thus on the unseen glories of that other world, and so I often feel it; only that the

assurance, 'I have loved thee with an *everlasting* love,' comes so powerfully after it. But alas! how is it that, feeling these things as we do, they mould our daily lives so little, and that there is so small an experience of obedience keeping pace with knowledge."

Third month, 23rd, 1859. "This is a beautiful earth doubtless, richly to be enjoyed, and marred only by man's sin; yet productive of no substantial happiness till our hearts are attuned to that true harmony of which the blessed key-note is, the 'peace of God which passeth all understanding.'"

From this illness she was permitted to recover, and in some measure to regain her strength, and her marriage took place in the summer of 1859. But few months of active participation in the duties and enjoyments of her new sphere were allotted her; yet these were marked by the strict conscientiousness and affectionate devotedness of heart which were conspicuous features of her Christian character. During the late winter her health again failed, and while on a visit at her mother's house, at Saffron Walden, in the 3rd month, she became so much prostrated by the advances of pulmonary disease, as to be unable to leave her chamber. In a letter to her husband

she thus alludes to the renewal of her mental conflicts at this season :

Third month, 18th, 1860. * * * "To be reminded of the one blessed stay, 'the hope that maketh not ashamed,' is no small consolation; not, I believe, that I ever quite lose sight of that hope—it is indeed my only prop, when, with a pang which words cannot convey, the enemy comes in as a flood, raising in my heart the agonizing cry, heard alone by Him who permits each wave, 'Lord, save me!' and the knowledge that He will and does, never fails to bring a calm at last."

During the succeeding months of a languishing illness, it was striking, however, to mark the change which had passed over her mental state. The baptism of fire seemed to have accomplished its work—the stormy wind was hushed, and there was a "great calm." The presence of the Saviour at times appeared to fill the room, and it seemed to herself as if angelic messengers were near: at one time she remarked to a friend, "I have had such a realization of Heaven, it seemed almost more than I could bear;" and at another, to her mother, "My Saviour has been so near me, it seems almost like *sight*."

On the 18th of Sixth month, she wrote in pencil

to a friend at Camberwell,—“I am going Home; the doctors say, ‘*no hope.*’ Jesus is very near me, and has been all through this suffering illness.” On the 22nd of Eighth month, after a day more quiet and restful than usual, in speaking of her home at C——, it was remarked to her, “Thou wilt soon have a bright home in Heaven.” “O yes,” she replied, “*so bright!* I have seemed as if I could sing Alleluia all the afternoon.” She afterwards broke forth, “O! bright effulgence, Alleluia! Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. O! come and help me to sing Alleluia! O! what joy. Home! Home! I long to be there.”

Expressions of similar import were frequently uttered. She was desirous to tell all who came to see her of the Divine support which she experienced; and it was a truly teaching lesson to witness the power of the Christian faith to sustain the soul of this humble disciple of the Lord, and to observe her patience of mind throughout lengthened illness, attended at times with much bodily suffering. In the latter part of the summer, the increase of weakness and disease was apparent from week to week. On the morning of the 25th of Ninth month, a still further change was observed, accompanied with inability to take her

accustomed food. It was manifest to those around her that the final summons was at hand; she evinced her sense of its approach, and though almost unable to speak, uttered distinctly the word "Peace," assenting by signs to the words of comfort and promise which were addressed to her. Thus calmly and peacefully her purified spirit took its departure to that blessed Home, towards which she had long been looking with joyful hope, leaving those who will deeply mourn her loss on earth, to find their best consolation in the earnest endeavour to follow her, as she followed Christ.

ANN BARRINGER, 80 4 4 mo. 1860

Northampton. Widow of William Barringer.

ANN BASTIN, *Plymouth.* 81 23 11 mo. 1859

GEORGE BEALE, 29 3 3 mo. 1860

Cork, Ireland. Son of George C. Beale.

MARGARETTA BEALE, 55 26 8 mo. 1860

Waterford, Ireland. Wife of William Beale.

HERBERT W. BELL, 1 24 5 mo. 1860

Denamore, near Newry, Ireland. Son of George L. and Clara Jane Bell.

SAAC BELL, 86 22 3 mo. 1860

Trumra, County Antrim, Ireland.

JAMES BENNETT, 92 1 3 mo. 1860

Thorpe, Sudbury, Suffolk.

- ELIZABETH BEWLEY, 64 17 2 mo. 1860
Egremont, near Liverpool.
- EDWIN BIGLAND, Jun., 10 17 5 mo. 1860
Seacombe, near Liverpool. Son of Edwin and
 Adelaide Bigland.
- MARTHA BINNS, 54 4 9 mo. 1860
Chichester. Widow of George Binns.
- JOHN THOMAS BINYON, 31 31 8 mo. 1860
Manchester. Died at *New York.* Son of
 Edward and Maria Binyon.
- JOHN BLAIR, 76 27 11 mo. 1859
Smithsteads, Solport, Cumberland.
- MARGARET BLAKEY, 28 1 3 mo. 1860
Rochdale.
- RICHARD BODALY, 77 26 2 mo. 1860
Greens Norton, Northampton.
- ELIZABETH BORHAM, 77 5 2 mo. 1860
Hoddesdon, Herts.
- MARY BOWDEN, 75 14 5 mo. 1860
Liskeard, Cornwall. Widow of John Bowden.
- RICHARD HEALEY BOWMAN, 66 9 9 mo. 1860
Penzance, Cornwall.
- ISAAC BOWRON, 74 25 8 mo. 1860
Penrith.
- LUCY BRADY, 13 11 1 mo. 1860
Barnsley. Daughter of Edward and Rebecca
 Brady.

REBECCA BRADY, 65 24 2 mo. 1860
Bradford, Yorks.

ANNA BRAITHWAITE, 71 18 12 mo. 1859
Kendal. A Minister. Wife of Isaac Braithwaite.

Although the "Testimonies" issued under the direction of our last Yearly Meeting contain a highly interesting and instructive memorial relative to this beloved friend, these pages would be scarcely complete without the addition of a few words respecting her.

Her memory is precious to many. Devoting herself early to the cause of her Redeemer, she was for many years, often under the pressure of great bodily infirmity, a diligent labourer in the Gospel, visiting as a Minister many parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and most of the meetings of Friends in the United States of North America. Her visits to America took place a little before and at the time of the great secession, known as the "Hicksite Separation." Our beloved friend was introduced into much deep and painful exercise on this account, having to take her place with other faithful Friends as in the forefront of the conflict.

Her published correspondence with Elias Hicks in the year 1824, was the means of opening the

eyes of many to the dangerous tendency of the principles which he advocated. The more the true doctrine and work of the Holy Spirit was felt by her to be exceedingly precious, *as ever* “*testifying of*” and “*glorifying*” the Lord Jesus, the more powerfully was she constrained solemnly to warn against those specious delusions which, under the guise of a high spirituality, led away from the Fountain of all spiritual life, substituting an exclusively inward Christ of man’s own imagining for Jesus of Nazareth, the One Messiah, “the Anointed” of God.

Preserved as a servant in waiting, the last summons, though sudden, did not find her unprepared. The sting of death was, through adorable mercy, taken away. On First-day morning, the 18th of the 12th month, she “fell asleep,” to be, as we humbly believe, “for ever” with that Lord whom, through a lengthened life, she had sought to serve.

JOSEPH BRAY, 54 5 11 mo. 1859

Biscovey, near Austell, Cornwall.

SARAH BRIDGWATER, 54 4 6 mo. 1860

Wednesbury. Wife of Joseph Bridgwater.

ELIZABETH BRIGGS, 82 14 12 mo. 1859

York. Widow of Ralph Briggs.

- RACHEL BROCKWAY, 58 3 2 mo. 1860
Upper Clapton, near London. Wife of Alexander Brockway.
- KEZIA BROOKS, 77 16 7 mo. 1860
Milton, near Adderbury, Oxon.
- REBECCA BROWETT, 32 1 5 mo. 1860
Stoke Newington. Daughter of Thomas Browett.
- MARIANNA BROWN, 11 6 2 mo. 1860
North Shields. Daughter of W. Brown, Jun.
- MARY BROWN, 78 5 12 mo. 1859
Luton, Beds. Widow of William Brown.
- MARY ANN BURTON, 72 9 8 mo. 1860
Lynn, Norfolk.
- RICHARD TAPPER CADBURY, 92 13 3 mo. 1860
Birmingham. An Elder.
- JOHN WAGSTAFF CANDLER, 46 16 3 mo. 1860
Stoke Newington.
- BENJAMIN CASSON, 62 4 3 mo. 1860
Darlington.
- THOMAS CATCHPOOL, 73 15 1 mo. 1860
Colchester. An Elder.
- MARY CATCHPOOL, 65 25 5 mo. 1860
Braintree, Essex. Wife of James Catchpool.
- PHOEBE ANN CHANDLER, 86 14 11 mo. 1859
Hereford. An Elder.
- HANNAH CHAPMAN, 68 3 3 mo. 1860
Boooterstown, Dublin. Wife of Robert Chapman.

- JAMES CHRISTY, 88 3 3 mo. 1860
Kirkassock, near Lurgan, Ireland.
- JANE CLARK, 50 3 11 mo. 1859
Giltspur-street, London. Widow of Charles Clark.
- KEZIA CLARK, *London.* 79 1 3 mo. 1860
 Widow of Benjamin Clark.
- MARY HAWLEY CLARK, 1 6 5 mo. 1860
Doncaster. Daughter of Richard Ecroyd and Hannah Clark.
- FANNY COLE, *Bristol.* 21 6 10 mo. 1859
 Daughter of George Cole.
- SARAH COLEBY, 78 26 8 mo. 1860
Pulham, near Tivetshall, Norfolk.
- AGNES COLLINSON, 20 13 4 mo. 1860
Halifax. Daughter of Thomas and Mary Collinson.
- MARY CONING, 77 3 8 mo. 1860
Great Ayton, Yorks. Widow of William Coning.
- HENRY FOWLER COTTERELL, 69 11 7 mo. 1860
Bath.
- ESTHER CROSLAND, 1 8 1 mo. 1860
Cheetham, Manchester. Daughter of William and Ann Crosland.
- SPICER CROWE, 66 27 5 mo. 1860
Norwich.

JAMES CRUICKSHANK, <i>Glasgow.</i>	42	5	4 mo.	1860
MARIA DARBY, <i>Coalbrookdale.</i> Wife of Richard Darby.	68	3	2 mo.	1860
RICHARD DARBY, <i>Coalbrookdale.</i>	72	7	8 mo.	1860
PHOEBE DARTON, <i>London.</i> Widow of William Darton.	83	31	3 mo.	1860
HANNAH DAVIS, <i>Waterford, Ireland.</i>	81	26	4 mo.	1860
JOHN DEWSBURY, <i>Newport Pagnell.</i>	77	3	12 mo.	1859
SAMUEL DEWSBURY, <i>Newport Pagnell.</i>	73	17	8 mo.	1860
SARAH DIMSDALE, <i>Tottenham.</i> Widow of Joseph Dimsdale.	84	20	6 mo.	1860
ALEXANDER DIRKIN, <i>Wigton, Cumberland.</i> A Minister.	67	14	8 mo.	1860
WINEFRED HOLMES DIX, <i>Tivetshall, Norfolk.</i> A Minister. Widow of James Dix.	85	2	7 mo.	1860
JANE DIXON, <i>Darlington.</i>	52	17	11 mo.	1859
WILLIAM DOCKRAY, <i>Huddersfield.</i>	52	15	5 mo.	1860
MARY DODSON, <i>Finedon, Northamptonshire.</i>	72	27	4 mo.	1860

JOHN DOWGILL,	55	23	3 mo.	1860	
<i>Thorp House, Huddersfield.</i>					
SARAH ELIZABETH DOYLE,	18	4	12 mo.	1859	
<i>Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland.</i>	Daughter of Rachel Doyle.				
JOSEPH DOYLE,	32	1	3 mo.	1860	
<i>Tullow, Ireland.</i>					
THOMAS DREWETT,	84	12	2 mo.	1860	
<i>Luton, Beds.</i>					
JOHN DREWETT,	82	6	4 mo.	1860	
<i>Plymouth.</i>					
MARY DUGLASS,	72	22	5 mo.	1860	
<i>Stokesley, Yorks.</i>	Widow of William Duglass.				
JAMES AUSTEN ELLIS,	33	30	9 mo.	1860	
<i>Rossdhu, near Letterfrack, Ireland.</i>	Son of James Ellis.				
EZRA ENOCK,	60	11	4 mo.	1860	
<i>Sibford Gower, Oxon.</i>	An Elder.				

Through the course of an exemplary life, this dear friend was enabled instructively to exhibit the fruits of living faith in Christ, by a constant endeavour to "do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God." He was sincerely attached to the Christian principles of our religious Society, and felt an earnest concern that these should be upheld in their original purity and simplicity. Deeply sensible of the solemn

import of the words of the Apostle, "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him," he was very solicitous that none might expose themselves to the danger of imbibing the spirit of the world, by assimilating with its customs and maxims; and He who has respect unto the lowly was graciously pleased to be strength to him in the hour of need, so that he was enabled to speak a word in season to the comfort and encouragement of those who were the objects of his Christian interest. Though these labours of love, and his deeds of charity, were of a very hidden character, they have left a lasting memorial in the hearts of many of all classes.

His last illness was short. Deeply seated disease of the lungs had, almost unconsciously to himself and his near connexions, undermined his constitution; but, when his real state was made known to him, it was sweetly comforting to his sorrowing family to witness the composure with which he received the intelligence. Through the tender mercy of the Redeemer, who had "loved him and given himself for him, to wash away his sins in his own blood," not the shadow of a cloud was permitted to disturb the serenity of his mind; for he "felt an unshaken confidence that He who had led and fed him all his life long was about to

introduce his redeemed spirit into that happy land where the 'morning stars sing together and the sons of God shout for joy ;' " and his end was full of peace.

EDWARD KEMP EVANS, 9 16 2 mo. 1860

Upper Clapton, near London. Son of William Kemp and Mary Ann Evans.

JOHN EVANS, *Warwick.* 68 18 6 mo. 1860

MARY EXTON, *Hitchin.* 67 22 4 mo. 1860

Widow of William Exton.

Mary Exton was the youngest daughter of John and Ann Ransom, of Hitchin. She was naturally of a lively and social disposition, and it was no small trial to her, when, during the rapid growth of earlier years, her health became so delicate, that for a time she was unfitted for much active exertion. But, with returning vigour, she cheerfully entered upon the interesting duties of life, and the desire to serve others with energy and kindness, became a marked feature in her character. Her heart was early touched with the Saviour's love, and brought under the influences of the Holy Spirit. The integrity and piety of her beloved mother were evidently blessed to her, and under her training she imbibed a sincere attachment to the Christian principles of Friends, and sought to commend

them to others. Many of the companions of her youthful days can still recur with grateful recollection to her watchful care and seasonable words of counsel, in connection with their eternal interests.

Her sympathy and efficient aid were never withheld in times of trial; and when she united with others in the promotion of various benevolent objects—the establishment and support of a useful adult school, &c., it is instructively manifest from her private memoranda, that in these pursuits, and in the performance of still higher duties, she felt the need and sought the renewed influences of the Holy Spirit for preservation, guidance and help. The watchfulness of her spirit, and the habit of self-examination which she cultivated at this period of her life will be shewn by a few extracts from her early diary.

Ninth month, 30th, 1815. “Renewedly convinced this day that all efforts on our own part to steer in a right path are unavailing, unless we seek for superior aid to direct.”

Second month, 18th, 1816. “Time misapplied! How has the consciousness of this disturbed my silent meditations this evening, accompanied by renewed fervent desires after spiritual strength.”

Ninth month, 14th. “How hard a matter it is to

attain to a right subjugation of the will ! I have this day felt it better to endure quietly than to suffer one word to escape in warmth."

Second month, 19th, 1824. "How sweet to be made sensible of something like sitting down under the canopy of Heavenly good ! My soul doth secretly magnify thy name, thou God of infinite love !"

First month, 1st, 1825. "Departed years ! how ought we to be instructed by the striking monitions they present ! and the more diligently to improve the time that only we can call our own. On what trifling inferior things are my thoughts occupied to what they ought to be !"

In 1826 she was married to William Exton ; in reference to this event, she makes this simple record :—

"It is perhaps the most memorable day of my life. May it be sanctified in thy continued goodness, O Holy Father !"

Her married life was marked by much simplicity and persevering devotedness to duty, both as a tender wife and watchful mother, and the mistress of a household. To her servants she was ever a kind friend and counsellor, seeking to help them in the cultivation of their minds, and the formation of prudent and useful habits. She

retained an affectionate interest in the young, and her open-hearted kindness and willing service gave her access to hearts which gratefully returned her love and friendship.

Not a few of her acquaintance enjoyed her correspondence; in which she often evinced her concern for the best interest of her friends. Her affectionate and sensitive mind dwelt much at times on her bereavements in the family circle. The loss of her first-born child, and afterwards of her only boy, were trials keenly felt, though borne with Christian resignation. Thus, during a long period of feeble health after her marriage, she was often under discouragement, and would describe her dwelling to be as "in the low valley;" yet she sought to encourage her friends to "hold fast the anchor of hope, and to trust in Him who is the Rock of Ages, who to his faithful ones has never failed."

The exercise of her spirit during this period is thus marked in her diary :—

"My soul, bow in reverence before thy God. Thank him for sorrows as well as comforts; they may be in greater love, to prepare for everlasting good. O for a right preparation of heart to worship God, and for the true spirit of prayer! Be pleased to open thy arms of mercy and gather

me, poor and frail as I am, one of the hindermost of the flock, into thy salvation, thou Shepherd and Bishop of Souls !”

Twelfth month, 30th, 1838. “Doubts and fears still assail. O when will the sweet language of ‘peace’ stay the tumultuous waves ? How ardently do I desire to be a decided follower of our dear Lord and Saviour ! O that the knowledge and love of Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of fallen man, might be extended through this habitable globe—that all might become one family of his grace and adoption, in love and admiration of his Almighty power !”

First month, 1st, 1842. “Welcomed with grateful feelings for continued unmerited mercies the new-born year. O that we could live more to God, and less to men—be as *one in Christ*, ever proving our love to Him, whilst uniting in the social endearments, and participating in those sources of enjoyment that the beauties of this outward world so abundantly diffuse around us. In heights and in depths may Thy power be known, enabling me to hold on my way rejoicing in hope, through Thy goodness and unfailing mercy !”

First month, 1st, 1844. “My desire on entering the new year was to be more alienated from

earthly attractions, and more dedicated to my God. Be pleased to condescend to my low estate!

“O for that consistency of character we so desire to gain from our Holy Pattern, which, if fully before us, would preserve us from many evils. I long that simplicity and godly sincerity may ever be marked on the standard for me and mine to be guided by.”

Her health continued delicate, and, Fifth month, 29th, 1850, she remarks, “I was drawn into the garden for the first time this year. The loveliness was almost overpowering.” Whilst alive to the beauties of creation and the enjoyment of many earthly blessings, she records her desire not to rest in them. “May none of these earthly attachments weaken my love of the Divine law.”

In 1851 she was suddenly deprived of her beloved husband, whilst herself in a critical state of health. In reference to this afflictive bereavement, she writes:—

Second month, 4th, 1851. “At eight o’clock this morning, my precious William fainted into death. Be thou, O Lord, my strength, my strong hold, my habitation in this hour of deep affliction! Seeing it is permitted us to drink deeply of the cup of sorrow, that in thy infinite wisdom thou

hast so suddenly and so awfully taken from us, in a very unexpected moment, the earthly joy of our hearts and the delight of our eyes, may it please thee, O gracious Father, to speak peace to our troubled hearts, and enable us to lift them up in prayer and praise to thee, that thou mayst be pleased to stay the rough wind to thy stripped ones, and enable us in the deeps to sing of thy mercy. So, O dearest Father, guide us by thy counsel, and finally bring us to thy kingdom of eternal glory." And again:—

“ ‘ I was brought low and he helped me.’ How immeasurable is the love of our Almighty Father ! When placed in a solitary lot, desolate and afflicted, with nothing to lean upon, nothing to look to but infinite mercy, how have I been led on from day to day, and from night to night, simply looking unto Him who careth for the sparrows, and mercifully condescendeth to regard the low estate of his poor dependent children. O why should I ever feel dismayed or cast down, when clouds are in equal goodness permitted to obscure my path ?”

For the remaining nine years of her life and widowhood, she was mostly confined to the house, only leaving it occasionally during the summer months. But though unable to mingle much

with her friends, and to enjoy the privilege of meeting with them in public for Divine worship, those who drew near to her in the retirement of home, were not unfrequently cheered by her tender sympathy, and words of Christian interest.

Among the few last memoranda, the following give a cheering view of what was passing in the inner chambers of her prayerful soul:—

First month, 21st, 1860. "We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Sweet is the feeling of quiet dependence upon Him, from whom every comfort and blessing flows."

Second month, 4th. "The silence of this day has been grateful in remembrance of this time nine years, the day of my loved one's departure."

Fourth month, 8th. "I know that my Redeemer liveth. Let the angel of thy presence, O God, be near to uphold and comfort me, I beseech thee! Give thy strength and all will be well!"

For some months past, till within a fortnight of her death, she had seemed to enjoy a little increase of strength, but, taking a severe cold, the attendant inflammatory affection of the chest and a trying cough, proved very exhausting to her feeble frame. All this was borne with that Christian resignation and cheerful acquiescence in the will of her Heavenly Father which had long been

cherished, even when there appeared much sensitiveness to suffering.

On one occasion, when noticing the anxiety which her illness occasioned to her children, she said she had "no cares—no troubles"—that she felt very calm, though nothing was yet made clear to her as to the end; but she thought she could "look forward to the joy unspeakable and full of glory that would be revealed."

During the last few days she saw most of her near relatives one after another, addressing to them words of affection and counsel. In these interviews she several times repeated the passage in John, 3rd chapter, 16th verse—"God so loved the world," &c., dwelling much on the love of Jesus, his atoning sacrifice, and the blessedness of resting on this sure foundation, saying, "Nothing else can help us—we have nothing here to look to—to rest upon—we must look to the Rock, the dear Saviour." She continued often to evince her tender interest in things affecting the comfort of others, and expressed her desire that in those dear to her, the work of grace might be manifested by the watchfulness and simplicity, the humble walk and self-denying life of the true Christian. To one of her relatives she said she had "no rapturous feeling, but a calm, confiding trust." She

would sometimes ask to be read to, and for hymns to be repeated to her, but perfect quiet she seemed most to delight in; and truly, no words were needed, for from her sweet composure throughout, it was evident that the patient, loving spirit was resting, amid the ebbing billows of life, in the arms of Jesus. Sometimes she said: "It is hard work, such ploughing for breath. Pray for me that I may be helped through to the end." During the last night she spoke instructively to two faithful attendants; she had previously taken leave of her man servant, telling him how needful it is to live prepared to die.

Though no sleep was to be obtained, she was still calm and clear; and on a beloved friend remarking that the presence of the dear Saviour makes up for all, she replied with emphasis, "Yes, wonderfully;" adding, "To Thy cross I cling." After she had given several directions, relative to the coming change, her family were again gathered by her bedside. In looking round and recognizing each of them, she did not lose her peaceful composure. When almost too weak to speak, she feebly said, "What can I say to you?" and soon after added, "Peace with the Lord." Under the holy calm that seemed to pervade the sick chamber, some reference was made to the Saviour's

presence, and his safe leading through the valley, to which she responded, "It is enough." A few minutes after this, her eye having significantly glanced at those around her, the last word on her lips being "Love," the redeemed spirit gently took its flight, at the dawn of a bright Sabbath morning, to enter, as we reverently believe, upon the Sabbath of everlasting rest and peace above.

ELIZABETH FALLOWS, 67 13 9 mo. 1860
Lancaster. An Elder.

Like the "wise virgins who took oil in their vessels with their lamps," this dear Friend was more than a mere *professor* of religion. She gave proof that she was in *possession* of that fixed principle of faith in Christ, and love to God and man, which stimulated her to make provision for the time to come; and made her very careful that the day's work should keep pace with the day; and when the summons came it did not find her unprepared; watching unto prayer, she appeared to be "ready" to enter the Heavenly inheritance.

On Fourth-day, the 12th of Ninth Month, she attended her own Monthly Meeting, and towards the close of the Meeting for Discipline, she made some judicious remarks on the importance of our young Friends especially being willing to aid in the promotion of the Redeemer's cause, and to be

faithful in complying with our various Christian requirements. On returning home, she was taken seriously ill, and soon deprived of the power of much expression; but said that her "dependence was solely on her Lord and Saviour, and not on any merits of her own." Early on Sixth-day, she was peacefully released. The *Lancaster Guardian*, in noticing her unexpected decease, remarks:

"Though so unostentatious in her manners, we believe her life was spent in doing good, not only in liberally bestowing her pecuniary benefits, but in faithfully and kindly giving the word of counsel to the careless, and the word of kindest encouragement to every one in affliction."

"Blessed are those servants whom their Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching!"

MARY FARRAND, 72 12 7 mo. 1860
Northampton.

JOSHUA FENNELL, 46 23 10 mo. 1859
Upper Cahir, Ireland.

MARY FIRTH, 69 3 5 mo. 1860
Highflatts, Yorks. Widow of John Firth.

MARY FLETCHER, *Evesham.* 74 18 12 mo. 1859
Wife of Richard Fletcher.

HESTER FOX, *Falmouth.* 95 21 10 mo. 1859
Widow of Francis Fox.

GEORGE PRIDEAUX FOX, 4 16 2 mo. 1860
Gloucester. Son of George F. and Sarah Fox.

JANE GURNEY FOX, 46 10 4 mo. 1860
Roskrow, near Falmouth. Widow of Robert
 Barclay Fox. Died at *Pau, in the South of*
France.

SAMUEL TREGELLES FOX, 30 10 8 mo. 1860
Falmouth.

SARAH FROMOW, *Norwich.* 69 22 3 mo. 1860

WILLIAM FRY, 87 24 6 mo. 1860
Woodgate, Spiceland, Devon. An Elder.

About eighteen months before his death, this dear friend was much incapacitated, both mentally and bodily, by an attack of paralysis. Whilst in health he was a bright example of diligence in attending meetings for worship and discipline, and remarkable for the willingness with which he assisted in conducting the affairs of the church.

The cause of the Redeemer was dear to him, and he was several times engaged to travel with ministers whilst occupied in the service of the Gospel, to whom he proved a helpful and sympathizing companion. Although not in the habit of readily giving expression to his religious feelings, a consistent course of Christian conduct during his long life, gave satisfactory evidence of the sure foundation on which his hopes were based.

ANN FURNALL, <i>Bristol.</i>	77	30	7 mo.	1860
Widow of Isaac Furnall.				
MARY GARRATT, <i>Dublin.</i>	6	30	9 mo.	1859
Daughter of Joseph and Lucy Garratt.				
HELENA GARRATT,	3	10	12 mo.	1859
<i>Dublin.</i> Daughter of Joseph and Lucy Garratt.				
WILLIAM GAUNTLEY,	85	10	3 mo.	1860
<i>Bakewell, Derbyshire.</i> An Elder.				
HARRIET GAVET, <i>Guernsey.</i>	74	26	6 mo.	1860
JOHN GIBBARD,	72	8	9 mo.	1860
ANN GILKES, <i>Nailsworth.</i>	63	13	10 mo.	1859
Wife of Benjamin G. Gilkes.				
BENJAMIN G. GILKES,	76	16	1 mo.	1860
<i>Nailsworth.</i>				
ROBERT GOODBODY,	79	25	1 mo.	1860
<i>Drayton Villa, Clara, Ireland.</i>				
SARAH GOODE, <i>Coventry,</i>	60	30	6 mo.	1860
WILLIAM GOOCH,	61	24	10 mo.	1859
<i>Waterford, Ireland.</i>				
SARAH GOODYEAR,	72	12	10 mo.	1859
<i>Adderbury, Oxon.</i> Widow of Thomas Goodyear.				
MARY ELIZA GRACE, <i>Bristol.</i>	25	5	8 mo.	1860
Wife of James Grace.				
HANNAH GRAHAM, <i>Liverpool.</i>	59	26	5 mo.	1860
Wife of Edward Graham.				
MARY GRAY.	88	20	3 mo.	1860
<i>Denmill, Aberdeenshire.</i> Widow of James Gray.				

This dear friend was the daughter of John and Mary Cruickshank, of Kinmuck, and was born on the 7th of Third month, 1772.

In 1808 she was united in marriage with the late James Gray, of whom an account is given in the Annual Monitor for 1857. Throughout this long union she proved a true helpmeet to her husband, and freely entered into sympathy with him amidst the various exercises and trials of life, endeavouring to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, by an upright and consistent walk. She was a good example to her family, and careful to train up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. A diligent attender of our Meetings for worship and discipline herself, even to advanced age, when health permitted, she was concerned to encourage others to faithfulness in this important duty ; and for many years she acceptably filled the station of Overseer in the little meeting of Kinmuck.

She was of a cheerful disposition, and nearly to the last remarkable for her lively and instructive conversation ; and, being of a meek and humble spirit, she was well qualified to impart counsel, admonition or encouragement in a manner calculated to win the affections of those who were the objects of her Christian care.

Till within a few years of her decease her health was generally good; several attacks of illness which succeeded, and tended to reduce her strength, were borne with Christian patience and resignation, and during the last, which was not without its discouragements and conflicts, she was not forsaken of her Lord. She was frequently engaged in fervent supplication, pouring forth her petitions, often in the language of the prayer taught by our holy Redeemer to his disciples. Once she exclaimed, "O Lord, loose the bands of my captivity, that my spirit may be released, and be for ever with my Saviour!" After a season of deep conflict she was again favoured to experience the consolations of the Gospel, and said with great earnestness, "The Lion of the tribe of Judah is able to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof. He openeth and no man shutteth,—he shutteth and no man openeth;" adding, "He is the key Himself."

On another occasion she petitioned: "O Lord my God! leave me not, nor forsake me; but take me to thyself, to praise thy adorable name, for ever! Pardon all my omissions and commissions, through the dear Son of thy Love, who sits at thy right hand to make intercession for all who put their trust in thee!" At another time

she said : “ I do humbly hope that a habitation of eternal rest will be prepared for me, through the adorable mercy of my God and Saviour.” During the few remaining days of her life she was favoured with a calm and peaceful mind, till she quietly departed,—gathered, it is thankfully believed, like a shock of corn fully ripe, into the heavenly garner.

HANNAH GREEN, 92 2 2 mo. 1860
Shillingford, Oxon. An Elder. Widow of Robert Green.

JOSEPH GREEN, *Banbury.* 26 7 5 mo. 1859
 Son of Thomas and Lydia Green. Died at the Ararat Diggings, Australia.

FREDERIC GREENWOOD, 11 10 10 mo. 1859
Chipping Norton. Son of Henry and Ellen Greenwood.

ELIZABETH GREER, 84 11 12 mo. 1859
Strangmore, Grange, Ireland. An Elder. Widow of William Greer.

ANN GREGORY, 40 25 5 mo. 1860
Yatton, Somerset. Wife of William Gregory.

MARIAN MARGARET GRIFFITHS, 23 20 4 mo. 1860
Bristol. Wife of Richard Griffiths.

WALTER GRIMSHAW, *London.* 13 24 1 mo. 1860
 Son of Frederick Grimshaw.

THEOPHILUS GRIMSHAW, 33 28 5 mo. 1860
Newport, Isle of Wight.

JANE GRIST, <i>Bristol.</i>	56	14	4 mo.	1860
ELIZA GUMMERSALL, <i>Isleworth.</i>	69	13	3 mo.	1860
SARAH GUNDRY, <i>Springfield, near Calne.</i>	85	18	3 mo.	1860
An Elder. Widow of William Gundry.				
LOUISA EMMA HARKER, <i>Moss Side, Manchester.</i>	5	25	11 mo.	1859
Daughter of John Thwaite and Susannah Harker.				
SARAH ANN HARKER, <i>Moss Side, Manchester.</i>	6	26	11 mo.	1859
Daughter of John Thwaite and Susannah Harker.				
MARGARET HADWEN, <i>Kendal,</i>	65	2	12 mo.	1859
MARIA ANN HAGEN, <i>Tottenham.</i>	87	23	2 mo.	1860
Widow of Simeon Hagen.				
JAMES HALL, Junr., <i>I. of Cuba.</i>	6	1	mo.	1860
MARY HARDING, <i>Lancaster.</i>	88	3	12 mo.	1859
Widow of James Harding.				
GEORGE HART, <i>Bath.</i>	72	29	10 mo.	1859
JOHN HATTON, <i>Cork, Ireland.</i>	74	12	2 mo.	1860
JOHN HAWISSON, <i>Earl's Colne, Essex.</i>	90	10	1 mo.	1860
JOSEPH HEATH, <i>Bishops Stortford, Essex.</i>	79	19	11 mo.	1859
ELIZABETH HEIGHINGTON, <i>Darlington.</i>	70	21	2 mo.	1860
REBECCA HEWITT, <i>Clanroot, Rich-hill, Ireland.</i>	80	29	9 mo.	1860

WILLIAM HILL,	82	16	1 mo.	1860
<i>Limerick, Ireland.</i>				
ANNE HILL,	78	16	9 mo.	1860
<i>Limerick, Ireland.</i> Sister of William Hill.				
EDWARD OCTAVIUS HILTON,	18	3	8 mo.	1860
<i>Brighton.</i> Son of John and Sarah Hilton.				
WILLIAM HOBSON,	53	12	2 mo.	1860
<i>Moy, Grange, Ireland.</i>				
SAMUEL HODGKINSON,	54	29	2 mo.	1860
<i>Bolton, Lancashire.</i>				
HANNAH HODGKINSON,	52	26	5 mo.	1860
<i>Monton, near Manchester.</i> Wife of James Hodgkinson.				
MARY HODGSON, <i>Warrington,</i>	75	2	11 mo.	1859
Widow of John Hodgson.				
JAMES HODGSON,	79	7	11 mo.	1859
<i>Wilderspool, near Warrington.</i>				
GEORGE HOLMES,	59	14	12 mo.	1859
<i>Elm, near Wisbech.</i>				
ELIZABETH SARAH HOWSON,	70	24	6 mo.	1860
<i>Norwich.</i>				
BENJAMIN HUGHES,	75	28	4 mo.	1860
<i>Cork, Ireland.</i>				
MARIA HUDSON,	67	4	5 mo.	1860
<i>Nottingham.</i>				
MARY HULL,	62	30	1 mo.	1860
<i>Shillingford, Oxon.</i> Widow of John Hull.				

PHEBE HUNT, <i>Bristol.</i>	59	29	3 mo.	1860	
Widow of John Hunt.					
GEORGE HUNT, <i>Bristol.</i>	46	23	4 mo.	1860	
Son of Henry Hunt.					
MATTHEW HUNTER,	77	25	1 mo.	1860	
<i>Draughton, near Skipton.</i>					
SUSANNA HUNTER,	26	22	4 mo.	1860	
<i>Rich-hill, Ireland.</i> Daughter of Mary Hunter.					
FULLERETTA HUNTON,	79	2	4 mo.	1860	
<i>Stamford Hill, near London.</i>					
MARY ANN HUSTLER,	49	9	4 mo.	1860	
<i>Rawden, Yorks.</i>					
ARTHUR JOHN JACKSON,	9	21	10 mo.	1859	
<i>North Walsham, Norfolk.</i> Son of John and Maria Jackson.					
ELIZABETH JALLAND,	73	30	12 mo.	1859	
<i>Painswick.</i> Widow of John Jalland.					
HANNAH JEPSON,	70	7	4 mo.	1860	
<i>Highflatts, Yorks.</i>					
ELLEN JEW, <i>Worcester.</i>	34	13	6 mo.	1860	
Wife of Edward Jew.					
JOSEPH JOWITT, Junr.,	4	14	8 mo.	1860	
<i>Bishop Thornton, Yorks.</i> Son of Joseph and Hannah Jowitt.					
MARIAN LEVITT IMPEY,	5	1	5 mo.	1860	
<i>Street, Somerset.</i> Daughter of Robert and Mary Hannah Impey.					

SOPHIA KEMP, *Tottenham*. 68 3 7 mo. 1860

ELIZABETH LESTER, 61 1 11 mo. 1859

Chelmsford. Wife of John Lester.

JOHN HILTON LIDBETTER, 2 20 11 mo. 1859

Dewsbury. Son of Joseph and Mary Elizabeth Lidbetter.

MARY LITTLE, *Carlisle*. 45 3 8 mo. 1860

LYDIA LUNT, *Manchester*. 78 18 6 mo. 1860

Widow of Thomas Lunt.

JOSEPH LUXFORD, *Worcester*. 66 3 6 mo. 1860

HENRY S. Mc'TIER, *Reading*. 34 21 12 mo. 1859

ELIZABETH MALCOMSON, 47 29 1 mo. 1860

Milford, County Waterford. Wife of William Malcomson.

MARGARET MARRIAGE, 80 12 3 mo. 1860

Pease Hall, near Chelmsford. An Elder.

Widow of Thomas Marriage.

This dear friend was the daughter of John and Margaret Wallis, and was born in Cornhill, London. When she was yet young her parents removed to Hitchin, and subsequently to Olney. At the age of twenty-three she was married to Thomas Marriage, of Springfield, near Chelmsford, where she continued to reside during the remainder of her life. She had a numerous family, and her life partook largely of the domestic character.

In the morning of her days she had, through mercy, yielded to the visitations of Divine love to her soul, and, though often confessing her many haltings and shortcomings, she was enabled, through daily watchfulness and prayer, to hold fast her early profession, and during a lengthened life evinced the closeness of her walk with God by the steady consistency of her course. She was in a remarkable degree a woman of prayer, and her copious memoranda, which, with her usual modesty, she desired might not be made public, are largely composed of petitions on behalf of herself, her beloved husband and children, her friends, and the little church of which she was a member: it was doubtless in this that her strength and her spiritual progress lay.

Notwithstanding the many cares attendant upon her large family, she made it her daily practice to withdraw for the purpose of private retirement before God, to seek for his help and guidance in the discharge of her various duties, and, as her journal indicates, to be made daily sensible of her sins being washed away by the blood of her Saviour, and her heart gradually cleansed from its many defilements by the power and operation of his Holy Spirit.

It was her practice to assemble her children

when they were very young, to instruct them in the Holy Scriptures and in divine truth, to impress upon them the value of prayer, to lead them to the Saviour, and to instil into their tender minds the great privilege and duty of waiting upon God. Some of her children can recur to these seasons as those in which their first religious impressions were received.

She occupied the station of an Elder, and was diligent in the discharge of the duties and responsibilities which devolve upon that office. She was especially led to assist those who were young in the ministry, and to animate such as, from whatever cause, were bowed down by discouragement or depression.

With a lowly estimate of herself, and relying for acceptance and salvation on the mercy of her God in Christ Jesus, her faith shone brightly to the last, and she died in peace, and in the hope of a blessed immortality.

ANNE MARRIOTT, *Kendal*. 33 12 2 mo. 1860

Daughter of Wilson and Margaret Marriott.

MARY HANNAH MARIA MARSH, 72 10 6 mo. 1860

Hitchin. Wife of Thomas Marsh.

ROBERT MARSH, *Dorking*. 60 24 9 mo. 1860

CHARLES MAY, 59 13 8 mo. 1860

Westminster, London.

MARTHA MENNELL, 83 7 9 mo. 1860
Scarborough. Widow of Isaac Mennell.

COMPTON MERRYWEATHER, 36 22 10 mo. 1859
London.

BARNARD DOCWRA MESSER, 19 16 12 mo. 1859
Reading. Son of Joseph and Mary Messer.

JOHN MIDDLEBROOK, 65 29 2 mo. 1860
Leyeat, Westmoreland.

THEODORE PENN MILES, 17 17 5 mo. 1860
London. Son of Edward Miles.

Although there is reason to believe that the groundwork of the religious experience of this dear young friend was laid at an early period and probably much strengthened whilst at Ackworth School, yet it was not till about a year before his decease, when in the apparent enjoyment of health and strength, that he evinced true decision and earnestness of soul in seeking to know the Saviour for himself, and a real growth in grace; proofs of which are gathered from his private memoranda and letters, as well as from his daily consistency in life.

In the path in which, by the drawings of the Father's love and conviction of sin, he was led to Him "who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," the words of the Apostle (Gal. iii, 24) appear to have been remarkably illustrated: "The law was our schoolmaster

to bring us unto Christ." He strongly felt the force of the words, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," but he did not clearly understand the import of that great parallel doctrine, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "Believe and thou shalt be saved" was to him, for a while, a sealed truth. Thus, with an instructive and affecting earnestness, he laboured to satisfy the requirements of the law, but found his efforts vain: "when he would do good evil was present with him," and the experience described in Rom. vii, 23, was painfully realized. The peace which there is in believing was not his portion; but He whom he loved and sought saw the integrity of his heart, and mercifully showed to him the way of truth more perfectly, by opening the eye of faith to behold in Jesus "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;" and once brought to the feet of the Saviour as a little child, the remaining portion of his life was not only marked by the desire, but by the endeavour to walk closely with his God; and the faith which justifies the awakened and repentant sinner became a powerful operative principle, working by love to the purifying of the heart.

The experience of this beloved youth is, probably, that of many a newly awakened soul, and

it may therefore be instructive to trace the steps by which he was brought, through the power of the Holy Spirit, from a state of alienation from God to the peace and joy of the Christian believer. Like the germination of a small seed, so were the operations of Divine grace gradually unfolded in his heart. Thus we find amongst the first entries in his private memoranda the following: "How superior are the purposes of Heaven to earth's pleasures." Again, 5th month, 19th, 1859: "Absorbed be my soul in working out God's will."—"H. S. is a corpse. O solemn thought! I will live by doing God's will."—"I'll try to read my Bible [this he had done once through, and repeated it as far as the Book of Numbers], and truly wish to do what God would have me to do; my mind will then be free from the fear of not meeting and fulfilling the great object of life."—"I will fix my heart on having my object—the glorifying of God—constantly before me."

About this time he writes to an intimate friend: "I have to-day, I think, improved in work; at any rate, I have endeavoured to do better, and I am resolved to do better. I shall apply to God to enable me to resist temptation, and do His will. Though I may be in a bad state at present, still I

have strong grounds for hoping I shall now improve. I always have, so far, kept up reading a chapter in the Bible morning and evening. I have not carried out my wish never to sleep more than seven hours; this desirable thing I also believe I shall be enabled to do. I got 'Hervey's Meditations,' all right; it is a useful book, I think. One thing I don't like: Hervey says, 'We must war with other invading powers,' which is contrary to our Saviour's new dispensation to love one another."

Fifth month, 21st, 1859. "Have a motive in doing everything; rise at five o'clock, bed at ten."

22nd. "How really happy! yet knowing more of my innumerable faults and imperfections."

24th. "Fear God and keep His commandments; then I shall not fear man. Examine myself—read good things—never be idle."

26th. "At meeting felt no fear but of God. Thought of God's Ten Commandments. Strive to do right."

27th. "What have I to be proud of, who am not to compare in excellence with others, whose callings and proceedings are less esteemed by men; but are superior to me. Why has not God cut me off in my sins? He is such a merciful God that He ever cries to me, 'Why wilt thou die? I will save thee if thou wilt fear me, keep my

commandments, and do my will.' And am I doing His will? Is it His will that I should be idle and lazy, and thoughtless and vain?"

Without date. "O that I may have strength to pray that God would make me holy, and to fear Him and keep His commandments; I do wish to do right. I want decision of character; also more perseverance in endeavouring to do right. Whatever I do, I must do it well."

Without date. "What I have promised my father to do, I cannot certainly, unless God blesses my endeavours through the medium of prayer. First, then, I must learn obedience. I must work well and hard, because I have bound myself to do so, (alluding to his articles of apprenticeship,) it is therefore a duty I owe to my master that I diligently strive to do as much as possible."

First of 6th month, 1859. "However wealthy, labour and toil through life are everyway proper and best for me. No setting the heart on praise from mortals; not that, but set the heart on God's praise, get the 'well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'—Those who water others and do them good, Jesus says they shall receive their reward."

Without date. "Bear in mind I may have God always for my friend in joy and sorrow."

8th. "O that improvement may be made by me in my many, many imperfections and weaknesses."

13th. "How great is God! Trust Him always, everywhere.—If He so wills it that trials come, depend upon it, it is all for my real good.

"Always fear Him, and stick to Him closer and closer.

"Always regard and feel that trial is a blessing. He does not afflict willingly, but that I may be saved. And what is suffering on earth for one moment, to reigning in His kingdom above for eternal duration! O strange indeed, we're so very blind, as not to see this and act up to it every moment, fitting us to be with Him, the great I AM."

14th. "Always confide in God, He does every thing well."

" Be the living God my friend,
Then my joy shall never end! "

In the short entries which follow, it is evident he had been shewn the efficacy of believing prayer, and by faith in Christ, had obtained the ability to shun the evil and choose the good; not confiding in any sublunary aid. For want of this, and from the unwillingness of our hard hearts

to bow beneath that power, which qualifies and gives ability to perform, it is to be feared that many experience a barrenness, and absence of spiritual vigour in the Lord's work, which otherwise would not be known.

15th. "Never trust in my own strength, but always place full confidence and trust in God."

17th. "Whatever state a person is in, the creature's duty is to be happy and contented."

18th. "Pray never to be thoughtless and vain. There are many ways of doing good; I can do good, but must know my sins are forgiven, and pray for confidence, power, and courage."

At this date he writes to his sisters at school; "Fear Him, the everlasting God, who was, and is, and is to be. Wherever you are nothing hides you from Him; He will pity you in His tender mercy, and sweet and lovely compassion, for He does not afflict willingly."

23rd. "Always be plain, straightforward, and thoroughly do God's will in all things."

From this time an increase of light appears to have shone on his spiritual path. He thus writes, Seventh month, 1st, 1859: "O that I may count all things as loss in comparison with Christ! Always keep and act upon the law of Christ,

verbally pronounced in the Jews' hearing, by God's only begotten Son, who came that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. And this is life eternal, that they should know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

Seventh month, 2nd. "Remember, no man is tempted above that which he is able to endure; He will with the temptation afford a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it.* For 'consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds.' O for more faith in Him, the greatest and only good One! Jesus spake to the end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint.' Pray constantly to be enabled to glorify God. I am less than nothing without God's help."

Without date. "O that I may endeavour to do more good to anybody and everybody; I am truly an unprofitable servant."

Without date. "How empty is wealth, and less than empty; and if it does harm, why care about it?"

* This was a favourite text which he often repeated, and from the contemplation of which he derived much comfort.

To a younger sister, at Ackworth, he writes:—
“And what is eternity? It is an eternal duration! Then, O! how important that we fit ourselves for heaven!—that the continued extension of life may be spent in happiness above, and not in eternal suffering. The Bible is the guide of youth, and God has shown the way of truth by the Bible, so study the Bible, dear, and act out its true meaning, which is so simple that a child may understand it.* God never withholds from us anything we ask him for, believing he will give it if that thing we ask him is needful for our real and true good. So that we must thank him for his righteous judgment.”

An experienced Christian acquaintance with whom he abode, writes of him, about this time: “His amiable deportment in the domestic circle endeared him to all, both old and young, and his name is embalmed in their grateful remembrance. His piety was evidently based on the oracles of eternal truth, which he must have diligently and prayerfully studied.”

* Without wishing to lessen the value of the sentiments expressed in this letter, it must never be forgotten, that the sacred truths of the Bible cannot be sealed on the heart by mere critical study, and that the same Holy Spirit which dictated them must unlock their treasures.

In consequence of the appearance of some alarming symptoms in his health, it was thought better to remove him to his father's residence, in London, where he soon evinced a lively concern for the spiritual safety of his brothers and sisters but, under further medical counsel, he afterwards went to Hastings. Every effort for his recovery, however, proved unavailing, as disease of the lungs had taken too deep hold to be arrested; and in the early part of the year 1860, he was again removed to London, where he became increasingly thoughtful, and occasionally gave utterance to his religious experience.

On the 15th of First month, 1860, a portion of the Scriptures having been read to him, he felt freedom in declaring his renewed conviction of the importance of the words of Solomon, "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding;" adding, "Well, I believe that if I was to have a severe fit of coughing and should die to night, I have been to Jesus, and asked him to forgive me my sins, and I trust and believe that he will, and that if I was to die, it would be doubtless for the best, because God knows what is best for us." He expressed his satisfaction and comfort from having religious books read, and entered into closer con-

versation as to his own state, declaring how much he had been grieved and harassed by the great enemy of man having put wicked thoughts into his heart, and that he had said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and prayed to the Most High with the best result; and hence he took occasion to encourage his father to persevere in praying for those he well knew he was most anxious about, reminding him how efficacious prayer was permitted to be in the case of Peter, when imprisoned, and that if prayer was earnest, answers would certainly follow.

On the 19th of Second month, First-day, he said to his father, "I have resolved to give myself up entirely to serve the Lord, for God requires the WHOLE HEART, and not *a part only*; and I believe that he is able to keep me through all the trials that will, or may follow, in consequence of this resolution."

After supplication had been offered by his bedside, he prayed earnestly himself, "Lord, I beseech thee to strengthen these good resolutions which thou hast put into my heart, to live entirely to thee, and do not let them pass away, but deepen them in my heart," and much more to the same effect; and then remarked to his father, "Those who give themselves up to God are

always safe. They have no fears, even of death, but can meet death joyfully." In a call from a dear friend, who revived the precept of the beloved disciple, "And now abide in Him, little children, that when He shall appear, &c.," he spoke with much feeling, "What a blessing if we know that we are abiding in Him." At another time he remarked, "I desire always to remember this, that our Saviour says, 'Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.' Trials will come; then the conquest is by prayer, and we shall all conquer if we pray aright, for this is what He said, 'Ask and ye shall receive; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' I must deny myself and take up the cross, if I wish to follow Christ. I hope that day by day I may grow in grace. I wish constantly to see the depravity of my heart, and that Satan may be conquered."

Fifth month, 5th, 1860. It was remarked to him: "A person, on hearing of thy illness, said, 'I hope he knows the Lord.'" He answered firmly, and with a cheerful smile, "That I do, I believe."

On the following Hymn being read to him, he said, "O that hymn I do so like, it just expresses my feelings."

Weary of earth, myself and sin,
Dear Jesus set me free ;
And to thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be.

Burdened, dejected and oppressed,
Ah, whither shall I flee,
But to thy arms for peace and rest,
For there I long to be.

Empty, polluted, dark and vain
Is all this world to me ;
May I the better world obtain,
For there I long to be.

Fifth month, 6th. First-day. His weakness of body had greatly increased, but on being asked if he would like the Scriptures read, he expressed great joy, and assented, but was in a very nervous state, and not able to hear or speak much. When nearly exhausted his beloved friend —— called. The visit proved to be refreshing and comforting to him, and he remarked to him, “ I doubt whether thou wilt see me again ; but we shall meet in Heaven, and that will be far better.” Supplication then being offered that the Most High would be pleased to be with him in the valley of the shadow of death, he said it was a great comfort to him. On being reminded of the expressions of the Psalmist, “ My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever,” he said he could accept that saying as applied to himself.

On being reminded that he was safe in the hands of his Saviour, he said that he had confidence in God that He would be with him, and that His grace was sufficient for him.

Fifth month, 12th. On inquiry being made, he again gave assurance that he was still confiding in his Heavenly Father, and very early the following morning was greatly comforted on hearing some of the precious promises read to him, and united in fervent supplication, adding afterwards, "If my health may not be restored, the will of the Lord be done."

On taking leave of his brother, he said, "Well, if I go soon, rest easy and be comforted about me." And afterwards, when speaking was attended with much effort, this was distinctly heard, in answer to the inquiry, "Is Jesus precious?" "Yes, He is precious."

A short time before his final release, embracing with both arms his father and brother, he answered to the anxious interrogation, "Art thou happy?" "I am happy! Je—sus." These were the last words that he could distinctly articulate, and it is joyfully believed that his redeemed spirit is at rest in Jesus.

ELIZABETH MISTER, *Peckham*. 82 16 7 mo. 1860

Widow of Richard Mister.

JOHN MOOR, <i>London.</i>	64 24 10 mo. 1859
JOHN MURGATROYD, <i>Bradford, Yorks.</i>	61 9 4 mo. 1860
ALICE NASH, <i>North Walsham, Norfolk.</i> Daughter of Thomas William and Sarah Nash.	9 13 10 mo. 1859
REBECCA NASH, <i>Allithwaite Lodge, Cartmel, Westmoreland.</i> Wife of William Nash.	61 10 2 mo. 1860
DAVID NAINBY, <i>Brigg, Lincolnshire.</i> An Elder.	80 24 3 mo. 1860

How interesting, and how confirming to our faith, is it to see the humble Christian, whose earnest concern it has been to walk from day to day so as to please God, prepared to realize in the evening of life a blessed answer to the prayer, "O God, thou hast taught me from my youth, now, also, when I am old and grey-headed, forsake me not!" Such appears to have been the experience of this dear friend towards the close of his earthly pilgrimage.

He had generally enjoyed good health till about a year before his decease. His sight had long been much affected, and latterly he had become quite blind; and when his strength also began to decline it was instructive to witness his patience and resignation to his Heavenly Father's will.

To a friend who frequently visited him, he more than once expressed his desire to "leave all in better hands." He said that he had a humble trust that all would be well at last, adding, "The dear Redeemer is often sweetly near me." On another occasion he remarked, "I have not much fear now, but trust that I shall be accepted through the mediation of the dear Redeemer. The enemy sometimes discourages me, but it will not do to give way to him."

Though his physical sufferings increased during his latter days, his mind was preserved quite clear and collected. His heart overflowed with love to all, and he was heard earnestly to pray both for himself and his friends. Not long before the close, still clinging to the Saviour, he exclaimed, "My own Redeemer!" Thus, through the loving-kindness of the Lord, the end was permitted to crown all.

WILLIAM NAISH, *Bath.* 75 4 3 mo. 1860

An Elder.

DOROTHEA NEALE, 26 7 12 mo. 1859

Carlrow, Ireland. Wife of Nathaniel Neale.

JANE NEAVE, *Poole, Dorset.* 76 1 2 mo. 1860

ANN NEAVE, 80 18 3 mo. 1860

Springfield, near Calne.

LYDIA NEILD, *Sheffield.* 63 11 10 mo. 1859

A Minister. Widow of Ralph Neild.

WILLIAM NELSON, *Norwich*. 65 18 2 mo. 1860

WILLIAM NEWRICK, 22 30 4 mo. 1860

Darlington.

ELIZABETH NEWSOM, 16 20 6 mo. 1860

Cork, Ireland. Daughter of Samuel Newsom.

WM. FLETCHER NICHOLSON, 59 5 11 mo. 1859

Cartgate, near Whitehaven.

RACHEL ANNE OXLEY, 58 11 11 mo. 1859

Darlington. Widow of Edward Oxley.

ANN PALMER, *Guernsey*. 70 22 3 mo. 1860

SARAH PALMER, 79 29 3 mo. 1860

Stoke Newington.

JOSEPH G. PALMER, 73 30 7 mo. 1860

Birmingham.

CHARLES PARRY, *Rochdale*. 61 7 7 mo. 1860

SARAH PATCHING, *Brighton*. 78 17 8 mo. 1860

Widow of William Patching.

ELIZABETH PATTINSON, 52 24 6 mo. 1860

Allendale, Cumberland. Wife of Joseph Pattinson.

JANE PEARSON, 72 3 5 mo. 1860

Bowscale, near Penrith.

EMMA PEASE, 59 11 4 mo. 1860

Southend, near Darlington. An Elder. Wife of Joseph Pease.

Though this dear friend naturally sought the retired and shaded path in life, the circumstances

in which she was placed brought her under the notice and into the acquaintance of many, by whom she was both valued and loved.—In early life she shared the sunny beams which play around the head of infancy and childhood; but a chequered path awaited her.

The blessings of family position were prized by her and often referred to. Intellectual brightness and personal piety were characteristics of her nearest connexions and dearest friends. Her father and mother, Joseph and Jane Gurney, of Lakenham Grove, near Norwich, had two sons and seven daughters,—of these they followed six to the grave. The two sons were suddenly removed in the full bloom of early manhood, and three daughters alone survived to maturer age, viz.: the late Hannah Chapman Backhouse, Elizabeth Barclay, and the subject of this short memoir: Emma Pease was for some years the sole survivor of that interesting group. It will be seen at once how much of sorrow and bereavement were permitted to attend her; the fulness of filial and sisterly tenderness was in constant exercise. To her bereaved father and mother she long and lovingly discharged her unremitted dutious cares. Who can be surprised at finding her thus dwelling on such a retrospect? “What a list it is! and

add to these nine dear nephews and nieces,—not to go further amongst uncles and aunts, and even first cousins,—to me like brothers and sisters. I sometimes think few have had such experience of the passing nature of the world ; and surely if we look at the subject closely, and view each fulfilling his or her course, whether it be longer or shorter, and departing in the full and certain hope of a blessed resurrection, how much there is to comfort, and how selfish is the wish to detain them here ; and yet how few of us but ardently wish to keep our dear ones about us, trusting that they may do their day's work, and continue to accompany us in our tribulations." One of her sisters languished long and hopelessly far from home—at Nice,—in years gone by, when foreign residence and journeys were not attended by the facilities enjoyed by more recent travellers ; here, too, her devoted love sweetly smoothed the pillow of death. The days to which we are now referring, were frequently dwelt upon by Emma Pease, and the Divine support given in hours of sore affliction gratefully remembered.

These experiences, under the Divine blessing, opened her soul to the voice of Christ ; hope in His salvation sprang, and gradually through grace were witnessed fruits of stability and enlargement

of heart, in the love of God and her Saviour. Hence also were other lessons derived. Pleasures and indulgences largely offered, gratifications and vanities strewn thickly in the path of youth, were avoided; and though naturally of a happy and cheerful temperament, these were regarded as insipid and worthless, compared with improving and ennobling pursuits; but more so still when viewed with regard to the sober realities of life and the great end of existence. Yielding to the attractions of the love of Christ, she became increasingly serious, so that the utterance of a full heart might often have been: "I believe Christ is mine, and I know that I love Him, and desire to be His."

In 1826 she was married, and settled at Darlington. Family cares often prevented social interminglings, but, always enjoying the society of her friends, she became more and more known, her kindness and simplicity of conduct endearing her to many.

In her household she was greatly loved and esteemed. To her twelve children she was a most assiduous and devoted mother, ever alive to their comfort, longing and praying for their best welfare. No excuses, no self-indulgence, could be allowed any place, so as to interfere with maternal

duties; and strict was the self-denial which was always observed to ensure their performance.

To her husband she was a most faithful companion and counsellor, amid the important and varying occupations of public and private life; whilst to the complaints of poverty and suffering her heart and hands were open, and her ear ready. Thus, through watchfulness and the grace given her, she occupied with dignity and usefulness the responsible positions of Christian wife, mother, mistress, and neighbour.

No one could well shrink more from public observation, or think more meanly of her fitness or ability, or more humbly of herself as a religious character. Alluding to her appointment as an Overseer in the church, she addresses a correspondent to this effect: "What a loss to me is the removal of ———. How often do I long for her, that I might again take her advice; now, however, I must endeavour to go on in my serious position. Ah! if my friends did but know my poverty, and the want of devotedness in her who is expected to advise the unwary and encourage the weak, well might they evince their surprise and their contempt at such an appointment." Notwithstanding this low estimate of herself, it seemed to be her anxious desire to become

acquainted with her Lord's will, and to seek ability to do it.

She loved retirement ; her Bible was precious to her ; beside the comfort she had in its reading in her family, and upon other occasions, she made it a rule annually carefully to read the Old and New Testament throughout. Seeking for the light of Christ upon the sacred page, it were scarcely too much to say that she delighted in the law of the Lord. Who shall tell what comfort she was thus permitted to draw from the exceeding great and precious promises there recorded ? Early bereavements, we have seen, had been her lot, and now similar trials were permitted, as regarded her immediate offspring. One of her sons, a promising boy of eleven years of age, was taken, and another, when nearly arrived at man's estate. In both these afflictions she meekly bowed her head, and said, " It is the Lord ; let him do what seemeth him good." She writes to this effect : " Hitherto I have been inclined to sit as with my mouth in the dust : now I think I must arouse myself. O ! the depth of this plunge ; it abides with me, and the gleeful pleasure of my family around me seems for ever quenched. One sweet lamb is gathered. Do not, however, suppose, dear ———, that I murmur ; no : ' the Lord gave

and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!’ I have never looked upon my children as *mine*; they were lent, and gratefully would I acknowledge the loan. The dear child had a clear and vivid perception of the offices of redeeming love; and these, I do fully believe, he accepted, assenting warmly when I remarked the comfort it was that we had a Saviour to flee to. In like manner he responded to his father’s remarks, and his every word betokened gratitude and love. His countenance kindled at the recitation of hymns descriptive of heavenly joy, reiterated at his request till within an hour of his final change.”

On another occasion, she writes to this effect: “I dare not trust myself to think what I have lost, but would rather rejoice in her happiness; quietness and peace were so eminently over us; I never witnessed so easy a translation. Thy letter recalled feelings under which I have often had to dwell, ‘Set thy house in order, for it may be that thou shalt never again come out.’ And this, too, accompanied by a feeling of love and confidence which I cannot describe—an entire reliance upon Him who can do all things for us. But what shall I say respecting the dying bed? There is still a richness of comfort in casting our

dearest treasures on the Father's bosom, hoping in His mercy ; in feeling that the departed are at rest for ever, singing His praise, while the heart bends to the stroke in humble adoration. A shade is cast over all things here below, and though the feeling may be peace, it is at times hard work to say, ' Thy will be done ! ' I agree that both the grace given them and the resignation wrought in us, are equally miracles of Divine power and goodness."

She filled, we believe acceptably, the office of Overseer, and afterwards that of Elder. Younger and older shared her love, and many became acquainted with her tender desires for their advancement in the Christian life.

A few weeks before her decease, she took an active and interested part in a religious visit to Friends throughout the Monthly Meeting of which she was a member ; frequently deploring her own want of spiritual life and energy, she had, we believe, her share in the service, and herself expressed the comfort she had experienced in thus evincing her love to the brethren, and the cause of her Saviour. The prevailing tone of her mind was, as already observed, diffidence and mistrust of self ; but when circumstances seemed to call forth the evidence and the expression, there

was a sweet and unvarying avowal of love to God and Christ. Great was her care never to speak lightly on the subject of Christian assurance ; but the language, " I know in whom I have believed," would find its way to her lips, when the solemn subject of the Christian's rock and refuge was reverently referred to.

She complained of slight indisposition about the Ninth of 4th month ; it was deemed of small moment ; neither did she herself intimate any decided apprehension of interruption to that which had been one unbroken course of health for many years. She, however, remarked to her husband, after a time of religious retirement together, that, though her ailments appeared trivial, she had been brought into thoughtfulness. It was evident that seriousness had overspread her mind ; self-examination had ensued ; again was she to give evidence that notwithstanding the lowliness of mind and distrust of herself which, to those who knew her best, characterized her, her reliance for salvation was firm upon the love of God through Jesus. She spoke to this purport : " I believe it best to tell thee that I have been led this morning most seriously to test my real condition in the sight of my Heavenly Father, and my interest in the covenant of life in Christ Jesus ;

and I believe I have nothing whatever to fear." Her whole manner and appearance, as well as the utterance, affected him very tenderly; and upon his saying, "But I trust that this solemn inquiry, and the happy assurance attending it, are not felt by thee as an intimation to us that the Lord is now about to separate us," she replied "I do not say so. I do not know how that may be. I love thee and you all with an inexpressible tenderness, and were the choice offered me, I think, looking as I do at my family, I should prefer to be a while longer with you—that I must leave. It seemed, however, right to tell thee now, come what may come, how I have been led to view my position." On the evening of the 10th, though distressed by unfavourable news from the Pyrenees of her beloved niece Jane G. Fox's illness, she continued in sweet social intercourse with her family till a late hour. On the morning of the 11th her state became alarming. She again rallied a while, and listened with calmness and religious interest to tidings of the removal of that beloved one. Pain, with extreme faintness, supervened. She inquired whether aught more could be done to relieve these symptoms, and appeared fully to comprehend the doubtful answer returned. She looked around upon her assembled

family and her husband; then the full tide of tenderness of early and matured love from time to time beamed forth towards them; prayer seemed rising from her heart, though but few words, save "My God!" passed her lips. Her husband inquiring of her whether the same evidence of Divine regard and of her acceptance in her Saviour which she had so recently mentioned were still vouchsafed, she earnestly exclaimed, "O yes! yes!" and her former words, "Nothing to fear?" being added, she replied, "No! no!" She expired that evening most peacefully, her spirit returning, as we reverently believe, to God who gave it, and to Him, who through death had redeemed it, and through whom the victory had been given her.

PENNITT PEASE, *Darlington*. 81 5 6 mo. 1860

ANN PERRENS, *Stourbridge*. 69 8 4 mo. 1860

Widow of William Perrens.

THOMAS PHILLIPS, *Dewsbury*. 66 3 3 mo. 1860

REBECCA PHILLIPS, 79 12 4 mo. 1860

Regent's Park, London. Widow of James Phillips.

MARY PICKERING, 73 24 1 mo. 1860

Malton, Yorks.

JONATHAN PIKE, 79 16 2 mo. 1860

Beechgrove, Grange, Ireland.

- SARAH PIKE, 66 13 4 mo. 1860
Beechgrove, Grange, Ireland. Widow of Jonathan Pike.
- ELIZABETH PIM, 98 4 8 mo. 1860
Rathangan, Ireland. Widow of William Pim.
- ELIZA RIDGWAY PIM, 21 16 12 mo. 1859
Hollywood, near Belfast. Daughter of Edward and Charlotte Pim.
- JANE PITMAN, *Sidcot.* 82 12 3 mo. 1860
- JOHN PRIDEAUX, *Plymouth.* 72 24 10 mo. 1859
- ELIZABETH QUICK, 65 1 7 mo. 1860
Lostwithiel, Cornwall. Widow of James Quick.
- BEAVEN RAKE, *Shaftesbury.* 62 20 3 mo. 1860
- ARTHUR RANDALL, 3 12 2 mo. 1860
Stoke-upon-Trent. Son of George and Sarah Randall.
- WILLIAM RICE, 63 13 4 mo. 1860
Shirley, near Southampton.
- EDMUND RICHARDS, *Bath.* 89 29 4 mo. 1860
- JOSIAH RICHARDSON, 67 30 10 mo. 1859
Peckham.
- SARAH RICHARDSON, 65 5 2 mo. 1860
Staindrop. Wife of John Richardson.
- HANNAH WILSON RICHARDSON, 20 27 6 mo. 1860
Sunderland. Daughter of Caleb Richardson.
- HELEN MAUD RICHARDSON, 5 21 7 mo. 1860
Sunderland. Daughter of William H. Richardson.

MARY RICKERBY, 70 15 4 mo. 1860
Burgh, Moorhouse, Cumberland.

PRISCILLA RICKMAN, 56 30 10 mo. 1859
Wellingham, near Lewes, Sussex. A Minister.

ELIZABETH ROBSON, 31 15 10 mo. 1859
Saffron Walden. Wife of Joseph John Robson.

Various as are the means employed, under the Holy Spirit's influence, effectually to turn the soul "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God," the work of true religion in its main features is doubtless the same in all. It may not be easy to mark its course in its incipient stages, but it will soon be clearly manifest in its characteristic and blessed results. When any one becomes a Christian, or a real follower of Jesus, a specific moral change takes place in his spiritual nature. "If any man be in Christ, he is a *new creature*." The essential elements of this change will be found to consist in a deep and heartfelt sorrow for the sins of his past life, an entire renunciation of all hope of salvation by any merits of his own, and an unreserved surrender of himself to Christ, relying on Him alone for pardon and acceptance with God. And these spiritual exercises will be attended by an earnest desire to live henceforth in obedience to all the

requirements of the Gospel. There will be not only a change of practice but a change in the hidden motives and affections of the heart—a loving and prayerful solicitude to “stand perfect and complete in all the will of God,” yet resting upon Christ as the “only hope of glory.”

An instructive illustration of these remarks, it is thought, will be found in the religious experience of the dear friend before us ; and in presenting to the readers of the ANNUAL MONITOR a brief sketch of her life, with its joys and sorrows, it is a point of deep interest to be able to trace, in the very days of childhood, the beginning of such a radical change of character, leading to a close and humble walk with God, in the fulfilment of duty and the realization of the supports and consolations of the Gospel during seasons of much suffering.

She was the daughter of James Kirbell and Cordelia Bayes, and was born at Lynn Regis, on the 20th of Fourth month, 1828. Under the pious care of her beloved parents, she was early brought to appreciate the importance of personal religion. So soon as about the age of twelve, she seems to have adopted the habit of keeping some record of her thoughts and feelings ; and though these early memoranda were afterwards destroyed by her own

hands, her subsequent diary and letters furnish interesting materials for depicting some of the most striking characteristics of her inner life.

In her 15th year she writes, at Tottenham :
“ O may my prayers be more sincere; for I fear that, though I read the Bible every night on retiring to rest, and endeavour to enter into stillness and a prayerful spirit, yet it is more show than reality.”

In reference to her beloved father's illness and death, which took place about this time, she says :
“ This is, indeed, a time of deep affliction, but may we be resigned; may we be enabled to say, ‘ It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good; ’ and may he be pleased, in his infinite love, to prepare us for a change into the eternal, unfading world. And if he be pleased to take our dear father *now*, may the separation be but for a time; and *then* may we all meet in heaven, and so be a united family above.”

First month, 2nd, 1843. After her father's decease : “ It is indeed a close trial, but, I trust, God will enable us to bear it; pray for us that it may be so. Yesterday morning we had a precious time while standing round dear papa's coffin; mamma spoke so sweetly on the verse, ‘ Sown in weakness, raised in power.’ Pray for us, that we may be

supported on 5th day, when we shall have to consign his dear remains to the grave."

Second month, 1st. "Canst thou not feelingly acknowledge the difficulty of looking stedfastly unto our God, and fixing our hearts on Him, whilst in meeting? Let us pray for each other that we may meet in heaven; only think of the joy of such a meeting: a death-bed is no time for preparation. Let us not be ashamed of confessing our Lord before men, that he may not be ashamed to confess us before his Father and the holy angels."

Fourth month, 13th. "What a serious train of thought is awakened at the remembrance that this day week I shall, if spared, enter into another year. How differently do I now contemplate my birthday from what I used to do, in days gone by. I fear, dear——, I have scarcely taken one straight step Zionward; how awful the consideration! O, that I could feel it more, and endeavour more earnestly to love and serve my God, for I know not that another year may be granted me. If thou art sometimes enabled to present thy petitions at the throne of grace on thy own behalf, link my name with thine, for I do stand in need of help. I want to feel the vitality of true religion; I want to come to Jesus in true

humility of soul, and to feel *sufficiently* my need of a Saviour."

In her sixteenth year she thus writes :—

"O, that the Lord would show me what he would have me to do; that he would fashion me, even as a potter fashioneth the clay; that I might be a vessel meet for the Master's use; that I might be one of the church militant here below, and finally join the church triumphant in heaven, whither, I doubt not, my dear, dear father is gone."

Eighth month, 7th, 1844. "I have lately felt more earnest desires after God, more than usual the need of being washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. I must renounce my will, and suffer myself to be formed into whatever shape the Lord would have me to be, if I would become a vessel meet for the great Master's use. I have thought that we cannot be perfectly happy unless we be true Christians, self-denying, cross-bearing Christians."

After alluding to the removal by death of some she had known and loved, she writes: "O, dearest ———, may such warnings as these produce the desired effect upon our hearts, that we may, in time of health, 'seek the Lord while he may be found,' and 'call upon him while he is

near.' Alas! dear ———, though sometimes I do enjoy nice seasons of retirement, yet these are very seldom, and when granted, I feel so bowed under the weight of my sins, that I am tempted to think that the Lord has indeed hidden His face from me; but I have recently experienced a time, long to be remembered, wherein I could pour out my whole soul at the footstool of the throne of grace. I do long that when the solemn cry goes forth, 'Prepare to meet thy God,' I may be ready and found waiting, in humble dependence on the Lord, feeling an assurance that through his mercy my sins are all forgiven."

Eighth month, 1846. "I am indeed in a very low state as regards spiritual things, and stand in great need of counsel, for I am often tempted to give up all conflict against the world and its snares, and enter into them again. But, O may I never do this, but look to the Lord, for it is written, 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe.'"

As she advanced in years she exhibited talents of no ordinary kind; in the diligent use of these her mind became highly cultivated, and possessing a determined will, the conflict between duty and inclination was sometimes severe. She did not find it very easy to bend her neck to the yoke of

Christ, and to learn of him who was meek and lowly of heart ; but He in whom she had believed did not turn away her prayer, nor his mercy from her soul ; his grace was found sufficient in the hour of need.

First month, 24th, 1847. "I trust I do feel very grateful to the Lord for all his past mercies, which have been showered on us so thickly of late, and can truly say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' Yes, dearest ———, such surely ought to be the feelings of my heart, when I take a retrospective glance at the past ; and humbling, indeed, is the thought of what I shall stand accountable for at the last day. Were it not for the precious blood of Jesus, where could we flee ?"

Fourth month, 22nd. "Went to Gracechurch Street meeting. I think I may truly say, I felt it was good to be there ; it was a season which I hope not soon to forget ; may it stimulate me to fresh exertions to serve the Lord, in whatever way he may require."

Fifth month, 23rd. "O, my dearest friend, I am indeed made renewedly sensible of my own shortcomings, and utter inability to do, say, or think any good thing without the help of my Almighty God and Saviour, Jesus Christ,

who, blessed be his holy name, is ever ready and willing to help *all* who call upon him, and wait lowly and humbly at his feet, to receive the crumbs that fall from his table. And surely, *our* table has been richly spread this year; oh, may we not only hear, but receive the word of exhortation, and not shun the cross! I am, even now, ready to tremble for myself, on setting out for a long visit, when I shall be left entirely to my own judgment; O, that best Wisdom may direct, and then I shall not err."

Tenth month, 18th. After alluding to the death of an acquaintance, she thus writes: "Surely, if we do not take warning by these repeated admonitions, it will be our own fault, for it seems to me that the cry, 'Prepare to meet thy God,' is loudly sounded in our ears on every side; and none of us know which may be the next. We know not *when* our turn may come, but we *do* know that the time must come to every one of us, when the awful words, 'Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live,' shall go forth; and O, dearest, that our houses may be in order, that our hearts may be cleansed, and our souls' salvation worked out, ere this day come."

On the removal of the family to Dorking, she resumes her diary:—

Seventh month, 22nd, 1848. "A long time has elapsed since I last wrote any memoranda of the dealings of the Lord with me ; and now I must record something of the outward as well as the inward toil and travail through which I have lately passed. We moved to this lovely spot about two months ago, with the intention of prosecuting a plan we have long entertained, of educating a small number of the daughters of Friends ; and though I do, indeed, feel the weightiness of the engagement at times, and my inability to perform the duties of it aright, yet I do rejoice in the hope that it is the path marked out for us by our unerring Guide ; and if this be indeed the case, he will, I doubt not, appear for our help, and 'strengthen us out of Zion.' As regards the inward travail of my soul, I have of late felt very poor, and stripped of all that is good, yea, even, as it were, dead in a spiritual sense, cast off by God, and given over to the unwearied enemy of my soul's peace. But, last week, the Lord was pleased to arise for my deliverance, and to give me to know that he would yet hear my cry, and raise me up out of that pit into which I had sunk ; yea, that he would quicken my drooping spirit. — spoke much to my state in our Quarterly Meeting, and I trust I not only heard

with the outward ear, but also with the inward one, so that I cried unto the Lord to have mercy upon me, and to spare me yet a little longer, that I may recover strength, before I go hence and be no more."

Ninth month, 30th. "Alas! words cannot describe the bitterness of the cup which we have had to drink, nor the depth of sorrow through which it has pleased the Lord that we should pass. My beloved sister Anna was taken ill with fever, but we feared no danger till last fifth day week, when her medical attendant pronounced her to be in imminent danger. She gradually got worse from that time till seventh day, 23rd instant, when she peacefully breathed her last. O! who can tell the anguish that filled us, when the last scene came so unexpectedly upon us; but whilst we knelt around the bed of death, a consoling belief was afforded us, that her purified and redeemed spirit had joined her God, and was for ever on high, set free from all the trials and sorrows which are the portion of the pilgrim here below. How little did we think she would be the first of our seven to join the redeemed spirit of our beloved father! But the Lord's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts, and no doubt it is all designed in mercy, though we see it not now."

In allusion to an approaching trial, she remarks :—

First month, 31st, 1849. “I dare not now pray, as once I did, that this trial may be averted, as I believe all will be for the best; and therefore all that is left for me is to seek for resignation and cheerfulness under it. O Lord! grant me strength to walk circumspectly before thee, following thee whithersoever thou shalt lead; and O! enable me not to shrink or turn aside from any of thy requirements, even though they be very difficult for me to perform.”

First month, 1st., 1850. “How strange a date! and stranger still that the Lord has not cut me off in my sins, but spares me yet a little longer. May the remainder of my life be entirely his; may all my powers and faculties be devoted to him henceforth, for I believe there is a work for me to do; and earnest are my desires, on entering another year, that the Lord’s purposes concerning me may be all fulfilled to the glory and honour of his great name alone.

“Thou alone knowest, O God, how many of our band will see the close of this year, or if we shall ever again all meet on earth; but, gracious Father, grant, I pray thee, that if we meet not here on earth, we may all unite in heaven, in

ascribing unto thee and thy dear Son, Christ Jesus, glory, honour, praise and power, for ever and ever. Amen."

In 1851, her mother left home to pay a religious visit to Friends in North America, shortly after which Elizabeth entered as governess into a Friend's family at Ipswich. In allusion to this, she writes :

Twelfth month, 20th, 1851. "In two weeks I hope to engage in a new career at Ipswich. O, that in the chequered path before me, I may rely wholly on Israel's unslumbering Shepherd, who never sleeps, but watches over even the least of his lambs.

"I fear I have lost ground lately, by not entering here more regularly my thoughts, and by not being able to continue the practice of daily retiring to search my heart, and seek a renewal of my strength. O Lord, draw my wandering thoughts more closely to thee! Grant me ability to cast all my burdens on thee; and now that I feel, as it were, truly an orphan, being bereft of my only surviving parent's counsels, enable me to cleave closely to thee, who alone can direct my ways aright."

She felt a warm interest in the moral and religious welfare of all around her, and the education of neglected children was a subject very

near her heart. She watched the progress of Ragged Schools with delight, and cordially assisted as a teacher in them, whenever opportunity offered. She was naturally fond of imparting instruction, and invariably gained the confidence and esteem of her pupils, whatever might be their condition or station in life. The following letter to her closely attached friend mentions her introduction to the Ragged School at Ipswich.

Fourth month, 2nd, 1852. "On first day evening I was asking about the Ragged School here, and —— all at once asked if I would like to go and see it. I was, of course, too glad to think of missing my opportunity, and with —— as an escort, set out to find the Girl's School, which we soon reached ; and delighted indeed was I, once more to take my seat amongst these poor outcasts ; and, better than all, I have obtained leave to go sometimes and teach. O ! I am so thankful that a way has opened for me to resume occasionally my labours among the poor ; for though my share in the Bible district is interesting, Ragged Schools are far more so to me, and I do not like to be idle, when the field of labour they open is so extensive. O that I may rightly employ the time granted me on earth !"

In Sixth month, 1853, she was united in

marriage to Joseph John Robson. Shortly after reaching her new home, she writes to one of her friends :—

“ Saffron Walden, Eighth month, 2nd, 1853.

“ My ever dear ———, * * * * * Rain and clouds have been our almost daily portion since I arrived here; yet, though outwardly we have lacked the bright beams of the sun, a *sunbeam* has alighted upon our house and shone throughout it, as it shineth now, brightly, happily, continuously. Thou wilt, perhaps, think I go too far if I say, without a cloud to lessen its glorious brightness; but, really, I feel quite inclined to adopt the following lines, as expressive of my own state of happiness now; they are from a poem, ‘ He doeth all things well.’

‘ My cup of happiness seems full, my joy words
cannot tell,
And I bless the glorious Giver, who doeth all
things well.’

“ Such, dearest ———, converted into the *present* tense, describes, better than ought else, how thy friend feels in her married life; and is I think, a most satisfactory evidence that this most important change is in the right ordering of events.”

She soon resumed her useful labours, and remarks :—

“I have just joined the Committee for visiting the Girls’ British School, and expect to find it a very interesting work. I hope soon to engage in the Bible visiting, but am waiting till a suitable district offers. These occupations I much wish to undertake; for, in visiting the poor, one often gains as much, if not *more* good, than one can impart.”

At this period, her mental and physical vigour gave promise of great usefulness for many years to come; but her heavenly Father saw meet to order it otherwise; for in the Third month, 1854, previously to her confinement, she had a severe attack of apoplexy and paralysis, which for many hours threatened dissolution, and from the effects of which she never fully recovered. In allusion to her illness and the death of her infant son, which was to her an inexpressible sorrow, she writes;

Fifth month, 28th. “How little do we know what a day may bring forth! Since the last entry I have been brought very low, almost to the verge of the grave. But O! the mercy of my God! He has, raised me up again; he has spared me that I may recover strength before I go hence and be no more. And now, O! that it may be my very earnest desire to seek to serve him with the

strength granted to so poor and unworthy a sinner. I desire to look upon it as a new proof that my heavenly Father hath a work for me to perform. On recovering (consciousness) these words came forcibly to my mind, 'Thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the wondrous works of God;' and I was brought into a deep feeling and sense of gratitude to him, who had in mercy raised me up again. O that the chastening, wherewith in boundless love we have been chastened, may bring forth that peaceable fruit of righteousness spoken of in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and which, we cannot doubt, He who afflicteth not willingly, nor grieveth the children of men, desireth it should bring forth. Lord, thou hast brought us very low, yea, bowed us in the dust before thee, and given us in measure to feel that thou hast the words of eternal life, and that to no one else could we go and find help in our time of greatest need. Thou hast taken from us our heart's desire, and made us to 'drink of the wine of astonishment.' Thou hast marred our pleasant pictures, but through all, thou, our merciful Father, hast not forsaken us; and, O! we pray thee, grant that this trial may be sanctified to our souls, that this affliction may prove a blessing to us, and that we may come forth from the fire purged and refined, and made

meet to serve thee, striving to give up our whole hearts unto thee, O God, being weaned from the world and the things thereof. And now, O Father, enable thy poor erring, sinful child, if I may so call such an unworthy one as I am, to say in sincerity of heart, 'Thy will be done,' and to return thee thanks for the blessings given in the midst of deep affliction."

After having spent some time at the sea-side, she says :—

Eighth month, 6th. "Mercy, wondrous mercy, unmerited mercy, is extended towards me from day to day ; manifold blessings are bestowed upon us, till we can say, 'our cup runneth over;' and, though gratitude is permitted to arise at times, and I am enabled in measure to bear with patience the heavy trial dispensed, yet I cannot fully and entirely yield resignedly to the chastening. Nay, at times, the tempter almost prevails, till I am ready to query, 'Why is it thus? why are our hopes blighted? why is our heart's desire taken from us?' And then a painful sense of a void, a bitter feeling of a blank comes over me, till tears flow scarcely to be restrained. O, I have thought, at times such as these, what a blessing to call to mind the text, 'For we have not a high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities

but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.' Surely he chasteneth in mercy, he remembereth us in tender love, and he will stay his hand when he has wrought out his gracious purposes, and sees his own image reflected in us. Lord, be pleased to take away the dross, the tin, and the reprobate silver, and let not the furnace be stayed till the work is completed. Forgive, I pray thee, my murmuring, rebellious spirit, and teach my froward heart to bow to thy will; then shall I know thy yoke to be easy, and thy burden light."

Ninth month, 23rd. "More than a month has passed since I made the last entry. Am I any better prepared for heaven? How have I spent this precious portion of time? These are awfully important questions; may I seek to answer them faithfully. I fear the first question cannot be answered fully, and yet I have a hope that I have gone a little forward; that I have at times been favoured to draw nearer to my God; and though often, often falling, I think I have been preserved from *some* easily besetting sins. But if I have been thus favoured, in never so slight a degree, I desire to ascribe all the praise where alone it is due, and in deep humility to dwell on my great short-comings. I also fear to answer the question

relating to time, for I feel persuaded that it has not been spent so to the glory of God as it ought to have been. But if I have really learned *one* lesson in the school of Christ, the past month has not been *all* lost."

From this time Elizabeth Robson's health continued steadily to improve, and she was able to attend to her ordinary duties. Her natural energy overcame her bodily weakness, and her time was much occupied in the study of languages and other literary pursuits. Her interest in her poorer neighbours was great, and she resumed her habit of visiting them in their dwellings; and in her frequent rides she distributed many tracts, especially to children, which practice she continued till within a few days of her decease.

During the winter of 1854-5, she assisted a young Friend in teaching a class of girls, composed chiefly of young servants, who met for that purpose one evening in the week; and in the early part of the next winter it was carried on solely by herself.

In Twelfth month, 1856, the cherished hopes of her attached family were again laid low by her having a second apoplectic seizure, previously to her confinement, from which there appeared no probability of her recovery; but it pleased Him,

“ whose way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known,” to bring her up again, as from the gates of death, to glorify her Saviour on the earth.

On the 23rd of First month, 1857, she writes · “ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name,’ is again and again the language of my heart, when recounting the mercies, both spiritual and temporal, which have been showered down upon us so abundantly, even in the midst of deep trial and affliction. Five weeks have now elapsed since I was seized with alarming illness, and laid upon a bed of sickness and suffering, from which, however, I am once again raised, and am slowly recovering. Marvelous are the dealings of the Lord with us ; very marvellous are they to me, whilst pondering on the last three years and a half of my life. Twice in that short space illness has brought me very low, even to the brink of the grave, and yet I am still an inhabitant of earth ; I am raised up once more, brought back as it were to life. And why is it thus ? Grant then, O Lord, that I may be resigned to thy will.

Third month, 1st. First-day. “ At meeting this morning I do trust that in some degree I was enabled to worship my God in spirit and in truth ;

I enjoyed a degree of quietness that I have not often felt, and the season appeared one of deep solemnity; so that when the meeting closed, instead of feeling, as often I have done, tired and glad to be released from so painful a struggle, I was sorry to leave the spot. I hope I am not mistaken, not flattering myself with a vain hope; but I do believe the past season of deep trial has been truly blessed to my soul. I think I feel my Saviour near, and though very weak, one of the weakest and feeblest, I trust I know something of the love of God. I *do* love my Saviour, and I also *feel* that he died for *me*, and therefore I may hope, through his redeeming love and mercy, to find an entrance within the veil, 'Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec.'

14th. "Again this morning I was permitted to sit down with my friends to worship before God. Whilst thus in silence, my thoughts turned on the Lord's dealings with me of late; and I felt filled with love to my God; so filled, that I seemed ready to sing for joy, and declare unto others what great things he hath done for my soul. I cannot understand my feelings of almost rapturous delight, when I think of God's infinite

mercy and goodness towards me ; the very feelings that I have of love to him, are quite indescribable ; my heart overflows so with love I long to show it, to testify in some way to those around me the infinite love of God ; how very gently he deals with his little ones. I sometimes feel as though, *even here*, prayer is turned to praise in my heart ; for when I kneel to pray, I scarcely know what to ask for, except more ability to love and serve my God."

Fifth month, 31st. "In settling into my new home and duties here in the business-house, I have earnestly desired to fill my situation rightly ; to be enabled to walk before our household in the fear of the Lord, daily seeking help from above ; to take straight steps to my feet, that those around me may be encouraged to seek their Saviour, whom, though in great weakness, I desire above all things to love and serve."

Sixth month, 6th. "O ! what could I do now, without the calming, soothing influences of religion ? What could I now rest on, whither flee for comfort, were it not that ' *I know that my Redeemer liveth ;*' and because he lives, I may lift up my head and say with confidence, *I live also*. Blessed, holy thought, he ever liveth to make intercession for *me !*"

She now became increasingly subject to distressing attacks of illness, and remarks in her diary:—

Second month, 16th, 1858. “Last night, on retiring to rest, I told my beloved partner a little of my feeling in reference to my precarious state of health, and of a separation as possibly not being very far off. * * * But there is One, and only One, who knows what is in store for us, his little ones; and in his holy keeping I can, I think, confidently place myself, knowing that, whether my sojourn here be longer or shorter, whether the remainder of my earthly course be trodden in smooth or rough roads, in the paths of outward prosperity and happiness, or in those of weakness and sorrow, I am still safe in the hands of an allwise and almighty Father and Friend. Thy will, O Lord, be done, for thou doest all things well.”

Sixth month, 26th. “This morning, whilst listening to the last chapter of Luke, the account of our Saviour’s appearing to the disciples as they went to Emmaus, and on a subsequent occasion, seemed quite to comfort me. I thought, ‘Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? It is *I*, myself.’ Yes, these words came home very closely to me. Why am I

troubled at the dealings of the Lord with me? Cannot I behold with the eye of faith, that it is *his* hand laid upon me?—and cannot I acknowledge that my Lord is indeed walking with me in the way? Then, methought, may we, like those of old, be found continually in the temple, praising and blessing God.”

Ninth month, 18th. “We have been out for change of air, for nearly three weeks, which we greatly enjoyed; still, I feel glad to find myself settled again in my own dear, quiet home, where I am indeed cared for on all hands, and watched over most affectionately; so that, though my nest may sometimes feel rather thorny, yet it has, over all, a downy lining, lovingly spread, for which I desire truly to return thanks to the One great Giver of all our mercies, who, though he now chastens, can, whenever he sees meet, stay his chastening hand and make the crooked ways straight and the rough places plain.”

For several months previous to her decease, Elizabeth Robson's health decidedly improved, and she was ready to think she might recover; so that the almost sudden summons to quit this scene of probation was unexpected to her, and thus she was mercifully spared the pang of taking leave of those she dearly loved. Five days before the solemn close, she thus writes:—

Tenth month, 10th, 1859. "This morning I will endeavour to record a little of the feelings of my spirit yesterday, when I think I was helped on my way with a crumb—though, perhaps, a very small one—of that bread which is able to sustain the tried spirit under every sorrow. My dear sister spent the morning with me, while J. J. was in meeting; and a sweet, refreshing time of quiet we had together. * * * In the evening, dearest J. and I had a sweet season of nearness to the throne of grace. * * * Oh! such union of spirit is beautiful indeed; and though, at times, faith is ready to fail, and doubts arise, almost overwhelming my poor, tried soul, yet I thankfully believe that

‘He, who hath helped us hitherto,
Will help us all our journey through.’ ”

Referring to the morning of this day, her sister says:—"I spent First day morning with my beloved sister E. Soon after the others had gone to meeting, I proposed to read a chapter to her, and she chose Romans v. We then sat in silence for more than half-an-hour, and I think it was the most precious little meeting we had *ever* had together. Towards the close, she addressed me with the words, ‘For we *know*, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a

building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;’ earnestly desiring for us both, that if we did not *already know* it to be so with us, it might become our blessed experience. There was something foreboding to my mind in this, and my feelings were such that I could not speak of it to any one, till after she was taken ill, on the following Fourth day; but little did I then think that this would be her last Sabbath on earth, and that, clothed in her Saviour’s righteousness, her purified spirit would so soon join that innumerable company, who ‘came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”

On Third day, 11th of Tenth month, E. Robson was not quite so well as usual, but was remarkably cheerful, and in the afternoon wrote a letter to her mother. In the evening she conversed with her wonted animation on the subject of a book she was reading. Soon after retiring to rest, she had one of her usual attacks, and for several succeeding days all efforts to restore consciousness, proved unavailing. On Seventh day evening her redeemed spirit gently passed away, to be “for ever with the Lord.”

SARAH ROOKE,

67 26 4 mo, 1860

Altringham, near Manchester. Wife of Joseph Rooke.

ELIZA ROSLING,	25	4	2 mo.	1860
<i>Reigate, Surrey.</i> Wife of Joseph Rosling.				
JOSEPH ROWNTREE, <i>York.</i>	58	4	11 mo.	1859
An Elder.*				
JOSEPH SAMS, <i>Darlington.</i>	76	18	3 mo.	1860
MARY SANSOM,	82	24	3 mo.	1860
<i>Tideford, Cornwall.</i>				
JOSEPH SAUL,	93	4	5 mo.	1860
<i>Beckfoot, Cumberland.</i>				
HANNAHBELLA SAYER,	86	25	6 mo.	1860
<i>Sudbury.</i> Widow of Meshach Sayer.				
SARAH SEAMAN,	74	14	4 mo.	1860
<i>Shiplet, near Sidcot.</i> Widow of Samuel Seaman.				
JAMES SESSIONS,	68	2	4 mo.	1860
<i>Charlbury, Oxon.</i>				
MARY ANN SEWELL,	40	13	6 mo.	1860
<i>Rawden.</i> Wife of Joseph S. Sewell.				

This beloved Friend has left behind her a memorial in the hearts of many, who it is believed will be interested in hearing a few particulars of her closing days, bearing, as they strikingly do, another testimony to the faithfulness of our covenant keeping God, and to the truth of that blessed assurance to his people, "This God is our God

* It will be recollected that an interesting memoir of this dear friend was appended to the "Annual Monitor" for 1860.

for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death."

She was the daughter of James and Mary Ellis, and was brought in early womanhood to the knowledge of her Saviour's love. From the first she appears strongly to have felt the responsibility which that love imposed upon her in regard to those around her. Endued with large powers of sympathy, and having a mind well stored with the knowledge of Holy Scripture, her efforts to instruct those whose lot in life was less favoured than her own, whilst a source of real enjoyment to herself, ever won to her the hearts of those whom she tried to help. In the village where she resided for some years, previous to her marriage, there are several who still look back with gratitude to the instruction they received, when mingling in the class she was accustomed there to gather around her.

She was married in the autumn of 1843, when she settled at Ackworth, where her husband was engaged as a teacher. There she entered, with her characteristic liveliness and warmth of feeling, into the varied interests that soon multiplied around her. Her cottage home became a centre of much attraction, and when, after a residence of eight years, she removed with her husband

and family to the school at Rawden, she left behind her many pleasing recollections of love and Christian interest. On entering upon her new sphere of labour, in the summer of 1852, she felt the great responsibility of her position as mistress of that large family, but in the belief that this position was in accordance with His will who marks the bounds of our habitation, she cheerfully gave to it all the energies of her mind and body.

In writing to her father-in-law at this time, she says: "May we not take courage, dear father, and, as —— said to us this morning, believe that He who has led us very tenderly hitherto will be with us in the way that we go, and daily strengthen us for our need."

She was favoured to gain a large share of the love and confidence of the children, and to win the hearty co-operation of those who laboured in the establishment, whether as teachers or servants.

She had a great facility in imparting religious instruction, and whilst health permitted, took the principal charge of the scripture classes among the girls, and was the means of scattering much precious seed which it is hoped will bear fruit in days to come. Before the vacation of 1857, she thus writes: "We never felt more truly to have

our hearts in the work, and we can thankfully say, though often weary and faint-hearted, 'a light surprises' us sometimes very sweetly. There has been an awakening among the girls which has filled our hearts with wondering admiration. * * * At first I felt afraid to take any notice of it, and did not, only I felt the deepened responsibility as I cannot tell thee, and as if I was not ready for the work that was set before me. Some days I felt as if I could do little but pray all day, with such an overwhelming sense of insufficiency and ignorance as words cannot describe, and when they came to me with the tears running down their cheeks to beg I would speak to them, what could I do, dear mother, but gather them round me at his footstool, who alone could teach them and me? Many happy times we have had. One scripture class I stood amazed; there was nothing in what I said more than usual, but it was like melting wax before a fire. The Spirit touched their hearts, and they needed no human teaching. * * * O, that nothing in our walk or ways may be any hindrance to them."

Never robust, she often suffered from bodily weakness; and the precarious health of her only boy, which had been a source of great anxiety to

her from the time of settling at Rawden, became, during this year, a continually increasing one, and when at its close he was at a very unlooked for moment removed by death, the shock to her system was very serious. The trial was however borne with meek submission, and she could acknowledge, in writing to a relative, "Help has been hourly given beyond what I could have asked;" and, she added, "On Seventh day (the day after the funeral), I went back to my household duties, and was thankful I did so."

In the Third month of 1858 her youngest child was born, and she never fully regained her usual health after her confinement. A note, written before she had joined the family, to a relative, about entering on a little religious engagement, is sweetly indicative of her state: "As I was laid in bed, trying to lift up my heart to my Saviour, thou and thy dear husband came so sweetly to my mind, it seemed easier to pray for you than myself, that our God would supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus! That has been a sweet text to me lately; I thought of its fulfilment in you, not as regards the need of your own souls only, but that in everything you might be 'enriched by Him in all utterance and in all knowledge.'"

The rest and change of the vacation this year seemed very helpful to her, and on resuming her duties after it, she did so with her usual earnestness; but a little exertion soon upset her, and her course throughout the months that followed, till another period of rest came round, was a continual conflict between her bodily powers and those of her heart and mind, in which the former suffered much.

A month spent at the sea-side in the summer of 1859, proved to be one of more than usual enjoyment and refreshment, and she again returned to her duties with somewhat revived energies, but only to renew the conflict of the previous year. One thing after another indicative of extreme weakness, soon pointed to the necessity of relinquishing a post which she had occupied for more than seven years, and to the duties of which she had with such loving earnestness devoted herself. Arrangements were made for leaving the school, and after spending some weeks with her near relatives, she returned to it for a short time, prior to settling for some months at Scarbro', to which place her family accompanied her in the first week of the new year.

Whilst at Scarbro', domestic trial was again permitted, and her weak frame was shaken by it;

but the arm of a loving Father was her support, and she could write, "I felt my perfect weakness that day; and I may say for the comfort of any poor mother who feels as if wave after wave of sorrow was threatening to overwhelm, that one poor, weak, nervous mother, every fibre of whose heart has quivered with anguish—that such a one in her perfect weakness cast herself and her cares on the love and strength of her compassionate Heavenly Friend, and was permitted to find quiet rest throughout the day."

She remained at Scarbro' upwards of three months, but though some discouraging symptoms had disappeared, she had not gained strength.

Her husband being obliged to return to Rawden, and remain there till the vacation, she was very anxious to accompany him, and in the middle of the Fourth month, they reached home again. For the first few weeks, there seemed little to cause increased anxiety, as regarded the dear invalid, till a severe cold prostrated her little remaining strength, and she only rallied so far as to be able to bear removal to the home of a dear friend at Bradford, where it was hoped the much greater quiet would be very advantageous; and here she was very tenderly nursed during the remaining fortnight of her life. For two or three

days she seemed to rally a little, and her own idea was that she was gaining strength ; but on the Seventh-day of the week after her arrival, her medical attendant prepared her husband for a rapid sinking, and on the Third-day following, it became evident that she was very near her close.

She had been preserved during the whole of her illness from acute suffering ; very rarely had she to complain of any pain, but now her extreme weariness and exhaustion were becoming very difficult to bear. Sleep was her great relief, and she dozed much of the afternoon and evening of that day, and when awake seemed at times but indistinctly conscious of what was passing around her. Once she remarked, "There seems to be a great deal of work yet to be done, if I should be taken soon : " her husband replied, "Not the most important work, I trust, dear." She said, "I believe not, but I long for deeper views of sin, for more humbling views of myself." Not long after, she requested to have the words of her Saviour read : "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am," &c. ; and at another time, she said : "I don't wish our children should ever think I look upon death as a gloomy thing."

She slept, with a few short interruptions,

throughout the night. Once she exclaimed distinctly :

“ Clap the glad wings, and soar away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.”

At another time, under the influence of delirium, she seemed to be teaching the girls in her class, and pressing upon them the immediate surrender of their hearts to Christ.

Earnest longings found vent in prayer, that there might be the opportunity for a little more communion of spirit, whilst the beloved one was fully conscious of her nearness to eternity, and before death should separate ; nor was the prayer unanswered. Soon after breakfast, the looks of those around revealing their feelings, she said, “ Do you think, then, I am soon going to die ?” She was told it was not thought that she could live much longer. She instantly became thoroughly awake to a sense of her position ; but whilst her countenance shewed the deep solemnity of her feelings, there was nothing to indicate alarm. She soon said, “ I did not know it was so near ; I had quite expected to live several weeks longer at least.” Not long after, “ I am a very polluted creature ; I cannot but say :

‘ Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst us come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.’ ”

And again: "It is a strange thing I should die here, and be buried by dear Willy, and I shall see him in heaven. I should not say so, I shall meet my Saviour there."

After lying still some time, she said, "Joseph, I am not deceiving myself, am I?" He replied, "My darling, He cannot say to thee, 'I never knew thee;' He has known thee long, and thou hast known Him." "But, O!" she replied, "even now, from the love I bear you all, the offer that I have of going to Him does not make me glad to accept it. Is not this wrong?" After a reply, she added, "Well, He gave you all to me. But the quiet peace I have, He would not let me have at such a time as this, would He, if I were not one of His?"

Again she lay quiet, till a look of distress caused the inquiry whether she were in pain. "Not in pain, only a little exercised in mind; I cling so to the world; I love you all so much; I feel it hard to part, and this disturbs me rather; I feel as if I ought to be more rejoicing to go to heaven." She longed for her faith to be stronger, and, after a little pause, "O! it will be so bright to see Him as he is!" it was added, "and never, never sin," which was repeated by the dear one, with peculiar emphasis and solemnity, as if realizing that such a state would soon be hers.

"If I could only take you all with me to heaven," she after a while said. It was replied, "I trust we shall all meet thee there." "O," she rejoined, "I hope there will be none of the dear little ones wanting; I have not prayed for them lately as I might. My thoughts have been so taken up with the poor body."

She alluded to a remark of Joseph Rowntree's, made shortly before his departure, as to our poor faculties not being able to grasp the glories of heaven, which evidently comforted her, as shewing that he had known something of the feelings which then rather disturbed her. He was much in her remembrance at this solemn period.

About noon, a parting interview with her two eldest daughters, who had been sent for from a distance, was almost more than she was able to bear. Her countenance indicated intense feeling as she gave them her parting charge. When they had left, she soon, however, became quite composed. "I want to think of heaven," she said.

In the afternoon she had a long, quiet sleep, after which she made several remarks, and added, "I feel it a very solemn thing to die. I can but say, 'Just as I am,' &c. I have nothing to rest upon but the love of Jesus."

About tea time, she said to her aunt, "I am so

comfortable, I cannot tell thee ;” and when the servant came in, who had faithfully waited upon her during her illness, taking leave of her, she said, “I am very ill, C——, but I have peace with God.”

As the evening drew on, her difficulty of breathing increased, and for more than an hour before her close, she lay, with but very little exception, unconscious of anything. She had before expressed a desire that, if consistent with her Father’s will, she might be suffered to pass quietly away. Her desire was granted, her breathing became less and less frequent, till, as quietly and as peacefully as a little child, she fell asleep in Jesus.

THOMAS SHIPLEY, *Leicester*. 42 18 7 mo. 1860

ROBERT SIKES, 23 26 12 mo. 1859

Limerick, Ireland. Son of Francis C. and Eliza Sikes.

ANN SMITH, *Barnsley*. 73 28 5 mo. 1860

ELIZABETH SMITH, Junr., 36 3 7 mo. 1860

Uxbridge. Daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Smith.

MARY SOUTHALL, *Leominster*. 91 3 8 mo. 1860

Widow of John Southall.

This dear friend left behind a large circle of descendants, who are enabled thankfully to believe that the redeemed spirit, released from

infirmities of the flesh, accompanying the later stages of a long life, was received to eternal rest and blessedness, through the mercy of God, in Jesus Christ our Lord.

LYDIA BISHOP SPARKES, 16 12 9 mo. 1860
Exeter. Daughter of Thomas and Esther Maria Sparkes.

WILLIAM SPARKES, 82 29 9 mo. 1860
Sunderland.

DEBORAH SPENCE, 59 14 7 mo. 1860
Wakefield. Wife of John Spence.

EDWIN STANDING, 31 1 10 mo. 1859
Crawley, Sussex.

SOPHIA STANDING, 66 21 7 mo. 1860
Limehouse, London. Widow of Francis Standing.

SLATER STANSFIELD, *Skipton.* 68 10 9 mo. 1860

During the greater part of his life this dear friend lived at Lothersdale, his native place, and the residence of his parents, John and Mary Stansfield, the former of whom was one among the last few Friends who suffered imprisonment in York Castle, in support of our testimony against tithes.

About seven years ago, Slater Stansfield removed from Lothersdale to Skipton, where he passed the remainder of his life.

Free from the cares of business in which he

had been actively engaged for a number of years, and in which he was no stranger to its anxieties and vicissitudes, he was diligent in labouring for the benefit of his fellow-men and the promotion of the cause of Truth.

In a variety of ways he used the ability with which he was favoured, for the good of his neighbours and fellow-townsmen, by whom he was universally esteemed.

For some years he held the office of guardian to the poor; and whilst careful to protect the interests of the ratepayers, he had ever a warm and watchful solicitude on behalf of the needy and the destitute; visiting many of them in their cottages, and encouraging them in habits of temperance and honest industry, and always ready to sympathize with the suffering and the afflicted.

His knowledge, thus obtained, of the real condition of the applicants for relief, and his trustworthy evidence, secured for him the confidence and respect of his fellow-guardians. Thus did our friend illustrate, in no small degree, the practical Christian, the upright citizen, and the friend of the poor.

He was well concerned for the religious welfare of the members of our Society, and especially of those of his own meeting.

Under a measure of the constraining love of Christ, he was not unfrequently engaged to speak in meetings for worship. His simple, earnest utterances were marked by much tenderness of spirit, and, it is believed, were often blest to the comfort and edification of his friends.

His "love to the brethren" was evinced by not a few acts of unobtrusive kindness and attention, and by an open and free hospitality.

Considering his comparatively few advantages of education and religious society, it is very instructive to mark the workings of Divine grace—how much thereby, even with limited endowments, this dear friend, by faithfully occupying that which he had received, was enabled to adorn his profession—to become practically a preacher of righteousness, a "servant to God, having his fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."

May his example lead others to increased devotedness to the cause of Christ and of his poor; and may those who have received more, remember that "unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required."

SARAH STANSFIELD, 67 23 9 mo. 1859

Waterhead House, near Ambleside. Widow of Samuel Stansfield.

MARY STAPLETON, 74 28 8 mo. 1860

Stepney, London. Wife of Fossick Stapleton.

HENRY STEELE, *Plymouth.* 60 13 4 mo. 1860

ANN STORRS, *Isleworth.* 80 23 8 mo. 1860

During the suffering illness of nearly four weeks, which terminated her life, this dear friend was preserved in great patience and resignation to the Divine will, testifying to those who watched over and attended her, that her only trust was in the sustaining arm of her Heavenly Father, who, as she said, was nigh to help her in her time of need; and whilst humbly acknowledging herself to be unworthy of such mercies, she expressed her belief that her sins were forgiven and washed away in the blood of the Lamb.

In her peaceful close was verified the promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

MARY H. STRANGMAN, 67 6 10 mo. 1859

Glenam, near Clonmel, Ireland.

ALFRED STURGE, *Rochester.* 37 21 11 mo. 1859

Son of Thomas M. Sturge.

SAMUEL STURGE, 68 22 7 mo. 1860

Brixton, Southwark, London. An Elder.

WILLIAM SWAN, 69 22 12 mo. 1859

Lurganure, County Antrim, Ireland.

ELIZA SWINBORN, *London*. 59 23 3 mo. 1860

Widow of John Swinborn.

ROBERT TANNER, 79 18 6 mo. 1860

Wenthill, Sidcot.

ANN TATHAM, *Leeds*. 80 7 6 mo. 1860

Widow of Thomas Tatham.

ELIZA TATHAM, 84 23 6 mo. 1860

Headingley, near Leeds.

SARAH TAYLOR, 66 2 2 mo. 1860

Wexford, Ireland. Widow of George Taylor.

JOHN THIRLWIND, 79 2 12 mo. 1859

Bolton, Lancashire.

MARGARET THISTLETHWAITE, 73 12 4 mo. 1860

Preston, Lancashire. Widow of John Thistlethwaite.

HENRY THOMAS, *Bristol*. 30 9 11 mo. 1859

Son of Alfred Thomas.

MARIA THOMAS, *Falmouth*. 82 14 4 mo. 1860

SARAH THOMPSON, *Hull*. 78 16 10 mo. 1859

Widow of Thomas Thompson.

The subject of this short memoir was, throughout her life, a consistent member of our Society, to the principles of which she was strongly attached. She possessed great energy of character united with a truly benevolent mind; and whilst her unwearied exertions gave evidence of her care for the comfort and welfare of her numerous

family, the poor and afflicted always found in her a kind and sympathizing friend, and she ever manifested a lively interest in whatever tended to the welfare of her fellow creatures, either temporal or spiritual. During the later years of her life, when unable for more active exertion, she spent much of her time in reading, frequently extracting portions that she thought specially adapted for usefulness, and having them printed in the form of a little book or pamphlet, each of which found a ready sale. Although feeble in body, her energy of mind continued to the last, and she was enabled to look forward to her approaching dissolution with calmness and serenity, often expressing her desire to go, but always adding her willingness to wait until her blessed Lord should see fit to remove her. Frequently was she heard engaged in earnest prayer for herself and her numerous family, whose welfare, temporal and spiritual, lay very near her heart. She often spoke of her own unworthiness, saying, "I am relying only on my Saviour; I have nothing else to trust to."

A few days before her death she said she wished for a clearer evidence of her acceptance, and she trusted her Heavenly Father would grant it to her, before he called her to himself. The cloud seemed to rest on her for a short time, and she

again spoke of it, saying she had prayed that, if it were her Heavenly Father's will, it might be dispelled, adding, "Notwithstanding the cloud, I feel His everlasting arms around me." When it was thought she was sinking, the inquiry was put, 'Dost thou feel happy?' to which she replied, "Yes, all is perfect peace;" so that her prayer appeared to be graciously answered. A little after this she revived, and looking round with a sweet smile, said, "I believe I shall not leave you to-night."

On First-day, the 16th, it was evident the closing scene was drawing very near; she appeared to suffer much from internal pain, and had not power to utter more than a word or two at a time. But about an hour before her death she raised her voice, and said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, for all his mercy to me! and, O Lord, bless my children!"

SARAH AGNES THOMPSON, 10 3 3 mo. 1860
Leicester. Daughter of John and Emma
 Thompson.

GEORGE THOMPSON, 59 20 6 mo. 1860
Manchester.

MARY THORN, *Luton, Beds.* 83 22 6 mo. 1860

MARY HANNAH THORP, *Hull*. 3 11 10 mo. 1859

Daughter of James and Amelia Thorp.

SARAH THORP, 42 12 11 mo. 1859

Alderley, Cheshire. Wife of Samuel Thorp.

Although there is no striking incident to record relative to the last illness of this dear friend, the nature of whose complaint rendered quietness almost essential, and prevented much expression, yet it may be interesting to mark in this brief sketch the love and mercy of our Heavenly Father through Jesus Christ, which she was graciously permitted to realize.

When about twenty-seven years of age, and a few years after her marriage, she had a severe attack of rheumatism, which, although subdued in all its other forms, had affected the heart, which never afterwards recovered its healthy action, and it was only by care and quiet regular habits that she enjoyed comparatively good health. Thus early impressed with the uncertainty of this life, her mind became increasingly alive to the need of preparation for that which is to come; and the removal by death of a much valued mother, a brother, and brother-in-law, within a few years of her own decease, were trials no doubt blessed to her, and tended to strengthen her religious character. She was naturally of a cheerful, unassuming disposition; her views of Gospel truth were clear and

simple, and, though not wont to say much of her own religious experience, there is ample reason to believe a work of grace was quietly progressing, and that she was in mercy being prepared for the change awaiting her. Her last illness was of about ten weeks duration, and it was remarkable how calm and resigned she was as to the issue, expressing at the commencement her trust that, whichever way it terminated, all would be well. About five weeks before her decease, she appeared for a short season as if passing through some mental conflict, without that sense of full acceptance with her Heavenly Father which she afterwards enjoyed; but when the cloud passed by, and she again felt her Saviour's presence, and the animating assurance was given that for His sake all her sins were washed away, she seemed lost in wonder and delight at the magnitude of redeeming love, and all the glory and happiness that awaited her; and it was no small privilege to those who were present thus to witness the triumph of her faith.

Although, owing to a slight improvement in several of her symptoms, some faint hope was entertained that her life might be prolonged, yet she gradually grew weaker, and appeared as one expecting her summons, at one time remarking, "I am just waiting the Lord's time; his time is

best. I have no fear of the dark valley." Thus, with the presence of her Saviour for her support, she looked with calmness for the approach of death, intimating to those about her, a few hours before her close, that her departure was at hand. During a short sleep, her gentle spirit was very quietly released, being admitted, we humbly trust, through unmerited mercy, into the presence of her God and Saviour.

SARAH THORP, 63 2 6 mo. 1860

Leighton Buzzard. Wife of Edward Thorp.

PHŒBE THORP, *Halifax.* 73 24 5 mo. 1860

JOHN TRIMMER, *Dorking.* 82 17 10 mo. 1859

SUSANNA UNTHANK, 83 2 1 mo. 1860

Limerick, Ireland. Widow of Joshua Unthank.

HENRY UPRICHARD, 66 17 12 mo. 1859

Moyallen, Ireland.

JOSEPH VEALE, 66 29 10 mo. 1859

Austell, Cornwall.

JANE VENTRESS, 8 12 1 mo. 1860

Bilsdale, Yorks. Daughter of William and Ann Ventress.

MARTHA WADDINGTON, 77 24 4 mo. 1860

Mansfield.

JUDITH WALLER, *Sunderland.* 47 26 1 mo. 1860

LOUISA WALLIS, *Southport.* 11 19 6 mo. 1860

Daughter of Arthur and Hannah Wallis.

ROBERT WALLIS,	78	15	8 mo.	1860
<i>Rowell Lodge, near Kettering.</i>				
THOMAS WALKER,	67	4	8 mo.	1860
<i>Wirsley, near Darley, Yorks.</i>				
JONATHAN WALKLETT,	77	9	5 mo.	1860
<i>Furness, Low Leighton.</i>				
GEORGE WALPOLE,	53	31	3 mo.	1860
<i>Bloomfield, Dublin.</i>				
MARGARET WALPOLE,	65	8	9 mo.	1859
<i>Castlenode, Mountmelick, Ireland. Wife of George Walpole.</i>				
THOMAS WARDEN,	75	11	5 mo.	1860
<i>Birmingham.</i>				
THOMAS SHILLITOE WARNER,	7	12	4 mo.	1860
<i>London. Son of Chas. H. and Mary A. Warner.</i>				
ELIZABETH WATSON,	73	24	12 mo.	1859
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne. Widow of William Watson.</i>				
SAMUEL WATSON,	83	2	2 mo.	1860
<i>Ballintrane, Ireland.</i>				
ISABELLA WEBSTER,	85	24	12 mo.	1859
<i>Cottingham, Yorks. Widow of John Webster.</i>				
JNO. WEATHERALD WEBSTER,	22	26	7 mo.	1859
<i>Manchester.</i>				
ELIZABETH WEST, <i>Leicester.</i>	59	18	11 mo.	1859
<i>Wife of John West.</i>				
JANE WEST, <i>Stoke Newington.</i>	67	22	3 mo.	1860
<i>Widow of William West.</i>				

MARY WHEATLEY, *York.* 77 6 6 mo. 1860

Wife of William Wheatley.

ANDREW FENWICK WHITE, 23 6 6 mo. 1860

Glasgow. Son of Edward and Ann White.

WILLIAM HENRY WHITE, 16 6 8 mo. 1860

Grange, County Waterford, Ireland. Son of Henry and Mary Anne White.

MARY WHITTON, 72 11 1 mo. 1860

Ballitore, Ireland.

HESTER WILKEY, 59 21 1 mo. 1860

Mount Radford, near Exeter. An Elder.

Wife of John Fry Wilkey.

Our beloved friend was the daughter of Thomas and Hester Gregory, of Hambrook, in Gloucestershire. She was early deprived of a tender mother's care, but with one sister, a little older than herself, was carefully trained, under the judicious oversight of her father; and she manifested in early life a thoughtful, serious disposition.

In the year 1827, she was married to John Fry Wilkey, of Exeter, to whom she proved an affectionate and true helpmeet, both in temporal and spiritual concerns. Although possessing a retiring, diffident mind, she evinced a remarkable steadfastness of principle, and by an humble dedication of her heart to the Lord, and submission to the operations of his Holy Spirit, she

gradually became an exemplary and rightly-concerned member of the meeting to which she belonged; doing her part as an Overseer, which office she held for some years with integrity and faithfulness, yet with that humility and sweetness which reaches the heart, and tends to gather into a bond of love. She was especially tender of the feelings of others, and very kind to the poor; and she performed the various duties of her daily life with much discretion. In social intercourse she was very watchful over her words, often applying to herself the prayerful language of the Psalmist: "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer."

About a year before her decease, our dear friend was appointed to the station of Elder.

Her health was at that time in a declining state, and her relatives and friends soon saw with deep sorrow, indications of her valuable life being near its close. She was confined to the house about three months, but continued to go down stairs, and to see those who called on her, until within a week of her decease. She expressed but little to those who visited her respecting the state of her mind, yet it was

evident that a sweet and heavenly serenity clothed her spirit ; and she thankfully acknowledged the “daily mercies” with which she felt herself to be surrounded. After a severe mental struggle, she had been enabled, through the sufficiency of sustaining grace, to resign her beloved husband and only daughter to the protecting care of her “kind Heavenly Father.”

In writing to a near relative, on the 3rd of First month, she made a touching reference to the solemn change that awaited her, in the following words : “In my present state of weakness, the future is veiled before me ; whether for life or death, I desire to be willing to trust Him who doeth all things well, and to live day by day in His fear. O ! that I may not take up with any false rest, but, hating iniquity, still be permitted to hold fast my confidence in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, who died that all may be saved.”

On the evening of the 20th, suffering much from extreme bodily weakness, some mental conflict seemed permitted to attend her, and she requested those around her to pray that she might be supported under her great sufferings, afterwards adding, “Pray for me that my iniquities may be blotted out.” During the latter

part of that night, which had been to her a sleepless one, she addressed her attendant in nearly the following words: "I have been through deep baptisms, the 'swellings of Jordan' have been round about me, but my head has been kept above them. I have felt that I have received pardon for all my sins, and have been permitted to enter into sweet communion with my God, and to feel sweet peace."

The quiet peacefulness and trust in which her mind had been so remarkably preserved throughout her illness, accompanied, as it was, by an abiding sense of her own unworthiness, remained from that time unbroken. She gradually became weaker until the afternoon of the 21st, when, with her beloved ones around her, and with a countenance bearing the expression of holy repose and peace, she sweetly departed, like one gently falling asleep; and we reverently believe that, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, she has entered into her Heavenly Father's rest.

SARAH WILKINSON, 83 2 3 mo. 1860

Cotherstone, Durham.

WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, 82 19 3 mo. 1860

Allonby, Cumberland.

MARGARET WILLIS, 77 21 10 mo. 1859

Manor House, Carperby, Richmond. Wife of Thomas Willis.

HANNAH WILLMORE,	41	3	1 mo.	1860
<i>Norwich.</i>				
EDWARD WITHY, <i>Bristol.</i>	49	31	5 mo.	1860
LYDIA WITHY, <i>Portishead.</i>	88	3	6 mo.	1860
An Elder. Widow of George Withy.				
MARGARET WOOD,	76	30	12 mo.	1859
<i>Rose Hill, Rochdale.</i>				
JAMES WOOD, <i>Chelmsford.</i>	80	5	6 mo.	1860

INFANTS whose names are not recorded :

Under one month	Boys	5	...	Girls	1
From one to three months...			do.	2	...	do.	0
From three to six months...			do.	2	...	do.	0
From six to twelve months			do.	4	...	do.	4

TABLE,
*Shewing the Deaths, at different Ages, in the Society of Friends, in Great Britain and Ireland,
during the Years 1857—58, 1858—59, and 1859—60.*

AGE.	YEAR 1857—58.			YEAR 1858—59			YEAR 1859—60.		
	Male.	Female	Total.	Male.	Female	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
	14	11	25	13	8	21	13	5	18
Under 1 year*	25	13	38	22	13	35	18	10	28
Under 5 years	6	6	12	4	8	12	3	8	11
From 5 to 10 "	3	5	8	1	4	5	3	3	6
" 10 to 15 "	3	4	7	6	4	10	4	4	8
" 15 to 20 "	9	14	23	13	9	22	7	10	17
" 20 to 30 "	14	12	26	4	17	21	11	5	16
" 30 to 40 "	5	11	16	7	10	17	7	9	16
" 40 to 50 "	11	12	23	12	18	30	11	19	30
" 50 to 60 "	16	26	42	22	23	45	27	32	59
" 60 to 70 "	87	33	70	26	39	65	27	48	75
" 70 to 80 "	15	32	47	13	27	40	15	34	49
" 80 to 90 "	3	7	10	1	4	5	4	5	9
" 90 to 100 "	147	175	322	131	176	307	137	187	324
All Ages									

* The numbers in this series are included in the next, "under 5 years,"

Average age in 1857—58, 51 years, 3 months, and 25 1-6 days.

Average age in 1858—59, 50 years, 1 month, 20 and 2-3 days.

Average age in 1859—60, 55 years, 8 months, 1-3 day.

DR. RICHARD H. THOMAS.

Died at his residence, near Baltimore, U.S., on the 15th of First month, 1860, in the 55th year of his age.

The removal of this beloved friend has been widely and deeply felt in America, and his memory is so fresh and precious to many in this land, that some record respecting him in these pages will not be deemed inappropriate, and may suitably be made the occasion briefly to exhibit the power of faith as it was beautifully illustrated in his life and character.

Dr. Thomas was born in Anne-Arundel Co., Maryland, in the Sixth month, 1805. His excellent parents were not at that time members of our religious Society, but became united to it some years later, having previously, from a conviction of duty, emancipated nearly one hundred slaves, who had been the inheritance of his mother. The *minor* children were, with himself, soon after admitted into membership at the request of their parents. Having received a liberal education,

and completed a course of medical studies, he settled in Baltimore, where he ultimately became eminent, both as a practitioner and a teacher of medicine.

A pleasing address, great vivacity, and talent of no ordinary character, gave him ready access to cultivated and fashionable society, and for a short time he yielded to its allurements. Happily, however, he was early brought under deep religious conviction, and he strongly felt that it was required of him to count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. His position in life, both as a physician and a citizen of Baltimore, presented many difficulties; but under a firm persuasion that it was his duty faithfully to carry out his religious convictions, by making an open confession of his attachment to the Christian principles of the Society of which he was a member, he did not hesitate to adopt the appearance and manners of a Friend. The decided part which he was strengthened to act greatly facilitated his subsequent career, and contributed not a little to confirm his Christian character, and to prepare him for those higher services of the sanctuary in which he had afterwards to take a prominent part; for, as he grew in grace, it was not long before he felt

himself called to the work of the ministry of the Gospel; the love of Christ constraining him to proclaim to others the message of salvation through Him. In his profession, in the social circle, and in the exercise of the ministry, he ceased not to shew that the cause of the Redeemer was, above all things, precious to him.

Those who had the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with him could not fail to recognize in him a simplicity and loveliness of character, which Christianity alone is able to form and to develope. Quite in the early part of his religious experience, he had been brought clearly to apprehend and to appropriate the grand scriptural doctrine of "the Atonement." Under the enlightening and convicting power of the Holy Spirit he had seen and felt himself to be a sinner; repenting and believing he had come to Christ, and been enabled to lay hold on Him by faith as his *own* Saviour, and been favoured at once to rejoice in the assurance of acceptance with God, through Him. Deeply sensible that he was not redeemed with corruptible things, but by the precious blood of Christ, as a lamb without blemish and without spot, he had a strong and abiding impression that—bought with such a price—he was not his own, and ought not to live

unto himself. Whilst greatly humbled in view of his utter unworthiness, and the feeling that of himself he could do nothing, he has been heard to say that from that time he did not remember that he had ever wilfully disobeyed the known will of his Heavenly Father, or cherished a complaining thought, even under the most trying dispensations of His providence, imperfectly as he might have performed the one, or profited by the other. He was a man of prayer; and when favoured to be made acquainted with the Divine will, there seemed with him no second question, but a prompt endeavour to do it—not grudgingly, but cheerfully and resolutely—in the simple obedience of faith and love. This feature of his Christian character was very striking and instructive, and worthy of imitation by all who “name the name of Christ,” to whom appertains the encouraging word, “My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness.”

As a husband and father, and in other relations of life, Dr. Thomas was permitted repeatedly to suffer from the loss of those to whom he was tenderly attached. On such occasions the Christian’s faith was beautifully exhibited. He rose from those trials a suffering but cheerful believer; they brought him nearer to the footstool of Divine

mercy, and, in the exercise of faith, his thoughts passed beyond the grave ; while “looking for and hasting” to the coming of his Lord, he submitted with grateful acquiescence to His will.

In his medical practice, and in his medical teaching, the professional man and the Christian were beautifully blended ; and whether in the professor’s chair or by the bedside of the suffering patient, or when he mingled more generally in social intercourse with his friends and neighbours, he did truly “adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.” His heart expanded with love to all ; his native cheerfulness and kindness made him acceptable everywhere, both among the rich and the poor, the men of intellectual culture and the less instructed. Without unskilfully obtruding religious topics, that love to the Saviour which prompts the desire to serve Him, was so predominant a feeling in his own heart, that the prayerfully watched opportunity to magnify His name, and to draw the hearts of others to Him, was readily embraced ; and he seldom failed to leave behind him a sense of how blessed a thing it is to be a Christian. In the sick chamber, especially, it was often felt that, whilst medical skill was exercised in administering to the relief of bodily suffering, the spiritual need had not been overlooked,—the attention had been gently drawn to

Him who has the "balm of Gilead," the Physician who can heal the soul. In Dr. Thomas the medical student not only found a teacher, but a Christian friend. It is not the object of this brief sketch to exalt the man, but to shew what, notwithstanding the pressure of human infirmities, he was by grace and the faith of Christ.

In the work of the ministry he laboured with great diligence—a very large practice in his profession was not allowed to interfere with his regular and punctual attendance of meetings, or with other religious engagements. All the Yearly Meetings of Friends were visited, and some of them repeatedly. He held many meetings among other denominations, and preached with great acceptance "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

In the summer of 1856, his health having greatly failed, he visited England with a view to its improvement. Near the end of the voyage, the vessel approached so close to the coast, off Holyhead, in a fog, that they narrowly escaped shipwreck; the captain pronounced the ship lost, but Dr. Thomas, even whilst preparing to encounter the waves, was so firmly impressed with a sense of religious services to be performed in England, that he was kept in great calmness, and, contrary to the expectation of all, a sudden gust of wind

with concurrent adaptation of the sails, drove them out to sea again, and they reached their port in safety.

After a short sojourn in this country he returned home, without improvement; and his friends could not but fear that he might rapidly sink under his most painful malady. Shortly after, however, he laid before them his concern to revisit England, from a sense of religious duty; and having received the usual testimonials of their concurrence, he accomplished that service, under physical suffering, but to the full relief of his own mind, and with the near unity of those among whom he laboured. His public meetings were very numerous and often large; his religious services were frequently of a very exhausting kind, whilst the disease under which he suffered intensely, would seem to have been of itself sufficient to discourage a less faithful servant.

From this time Dr. Thomas's life was a series of constantly recurring physical sufferings. During an interval of apparent improvement he looked forward hopefully towards restoration. In allusion to this he remarks, in writing to a friend about three months before his decease: "I wish to be thankful, though, if I know myself, I desire that the Lord's will may be done in me and to me in

this as in all other things." During the whole of his long, painful, and sometimes agonizing sufferings, not one word of impatience ever escaped him; and often, when his body was racked with pain, his spirit rejoiced with joy, which he declared to be "unspeakable and full of glory." With his mind unclouded, his faith triumphant, and the bright anticipation of the joy that awaited him, did this true believer in Jesus approach the close of a life, the best portion of which had been spent in the work of his Lord.

JOHN MEADER.

Died at Providence, Rhode Island, on the 8th of Sixth month, 1860, in the 63rd year of his age.

This dear friend was so well known and esteemed, not only in America, but in this country also, that, although no materials for a more detailed account of his life and Christian labours have come to hand, the following few particulars respecting his last days will doubtless be acceptable to the readers of the ANNUAL MONITOR.

It appears that under the renovating power of the Holy Spirit, he was early brought to the

saving knowledge of the Truth as it is in Jesus, and that even in the days of his youth he believed himself called to the work of the Christian ministry. Giving up his heart unto the Lord, and yielding obedience to the manifest requirements of the Great Head of the Church, he was enabled to exercise the gift he had received of Him, and to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power. He travelled extensively in the service of the Gospel, both in his native land, and, accompanied by his wife, in Great Britain and Ireland and some parts of the Continent of Europe; his religious engagements in the latter including an interesting visit to those who profess with Friends, and others, in Norway. His views of the way of salvation were clear and comprehensive; he was sound in word and doctrine; and whether he laboured among his fellow professors of the Christian name, or mingled with different tribes of the untutored Indians, whom he visited in the love of the Gospel, he was earnestly concerned to preach "repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ," and many, it is believed, were the seals to his ministry.

As he had lived, so he died. Love to the Redeemer, and devotedness to His cause, were

marked features of his character to the last. For several months before the final illness his health had been somewhat impaired, and he deeply felt the cold of the last autumn and winter, looking forward hopefully, nevertheless, to the returning warmth of spring. But though no decided improvement was observable in the early part of the summer, it was not till within a few weeks of his close that pulmonary disease was clearly developed. He soon saw that life was ebbing, and that his remaining days on earth would be few. But now was eminently manifested the sustaining power of Divine grace: while the outward man was growing weaker and weaker, the inward man was renewed day by day. The Saviour, whom he loved and had sought to serve, was very near to him.

A few days after attending his own meeting for the last time, in which he had been powerfully engaged to preach the Gospel, telling his friends he might perhaps never again have a like opportunity to be with them, he remarked to his wife, that though it had not been distinctly shown to him how his illness might terminate, he had an impression that he should not recover, adding, "I have no wish about it; I never had one wish to have my situation different. I never saw the

time before when I could look upon thee and our beloved son, and give you up ; but I can now, with all my beloved family and friends, whom I never loved better, or with greater desire for their welfare. But I have been mercifully favoured to commit them all into the hands of our Heavenly Father, who can do more for them than I can. The world and all pertaining thereto recede from me, and my prospect for the future I would not exchange for worlds ; not one cloud is over my future prospect."

At another time he said : " O ! what consolation I feel in that my Saviour is near ! I am afraid I am not thankful enough for my many blessings ; for I am favoured not to have a great deal of pain while this tenement of clay is wasting away ; but a far greater mercy is such sweet peace granted by my Heavenly Father to such an unworthy worm."

He was permitted to retain the full possession of his faculties to the end, and his mind continued remarkably bright and clear. He conversed freely with his beloved family on his approaching change, and gave minute directions respecting several things in connection with it. Whilst frequently dwelling upon his own unworthiness, he magnified the unmerited mercy of God in

Christ Jesus, and rejoiced in the bright prospect of eternal blessedness, saying, "a glorious immortality opens before me ; it is all of mercy that I am thus favoured with peace. My Saviour has loved me, and I have loved him ; give God the glory."

Again he remarked, "I once thought such a time to be feared, but I do not now ; all *that* is taken away ; death has no terrors. Whilst the world and all that is therein recedes, the veil is at times so lifted up, that by faith I am favoured to see more and more of the beauty and glory of the celestial city ; and my Saviour is near."

A dear friend from Baltimore, engaged in the service of the Gospel, calling to see him, he conversed freely, and spoke of the peace and joy which he was permitted to feel, adding : "The Lord has been exceeding rich to me, and I hope the riches of his love will be proclaimed everywhere."

At another time he said : "I am receiving more than an hundred fold in this world, and an evidence is also given that through the redeeming blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, life everlasting will be granted, unworthy as I am."

He was remarkably cheerful throughout his illness, and wished his beloved family about him

to be so too, saying, that there was a Christian cheerfulness that we ought to cultivate, adding, in allusion to his approaching end, that it seemed no more to him than taking a journey, only it was one from which he should not return. His dear wife speaking of the happy state that awaited him, he said ; “I have but one thing more to ask for—that is, that I may have an easy passage.” This was graciously granted him, for he fell asleep in Jesus, without the motion of a muscle.

The funeral was largely attended, and solemn testimony was borne to the efficacy of that Divine grace, by which the Christian is sustained in life and in death.

SAMUEL ATKINS.

Son of John and Mary Ann Atkins, late of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire. Died at Font-hill, County of Welland, Canada West, on the 8th of Tenth month, 1860, aged 19 years.

The circumstances of this dear young man's death were of a very painful and affecting character. He was the eldest son of a family of twelve children, and was assisting his younger brothers

and sisters to gather chesnuts on their father's farm. While engaged in shaking down the fruit from the upper branches of a tall tree, the bough on which he was standing suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated from a height of about thirty feet. Concussion of the brain, with other injuries, was the melancholy result. He never spoke again, or showed any signs of consciousness ; but, after four hours of laborious breathing, quietly passed away in his father's arms.

From various circumstances it is evident that Samuel Atkins was a youth of no ordinary promise, and that during his short life he had gained, in a remarkable degree, the love and respect of those around him. A kind consideration for the poor was a marked feature of his character, and he was always anxious that the men employed under him should be paid the utmost value of their services. In business transactions, the criterion to which he referred his conduct appeared invariably to be, " would it be right ? " A kind neighbour, who occupied an adjoining farm, and had had large opportunity of observing the dear boy, remarked to his father the next morning, with tears streaming down his face, that he had watched him carefully, and was sure that *nothing* but the grace of God could have preserved him under all circumstances in such an

humble, happy, consistent walk through life. Samuel's dutiful and affectionate behaviour could not fail to endear him most warmly to the domestic circle, and the shock which his sudden death produced may be more easily conceived than described.

We continue this obituary in the words of the bereaved father, who, at the time of the accident, was in a state of great prostration, the result of intermittent fever, and was also, with his dear wife, under much anxiety, respecting their youngest little boy, who was laid up by a severe fall from a horse.

“ It has been indeed a time of the most bitter trial, followed by the richest mercy. We have been so wonderfully helped to bear it, that I trust we can reverently say, ‘ He doeth all things well.’

“ I had not long finished my letters to you [his relatives in England], and was just lying down, when some of the children rushed in, saying that their precious brother had fallen from a tree, and, they believed, was killed. The tree stood in a deep valley, down one steep hill and across a little meadow, to reach it from the house. It was to all appearance a very safe tree to climb, the branches being thick all the way up ;

still his dear mother felt anxious, and went out once or twice to charge him to be careful. He answered very cheerfully, and was probably thinking of soon coming down, as he observed to his sisters it was beginning to get dusk, when he suddenly fell, and, they think, struck a large limb before he reached the ground. Many of the neighbours were quickly on the spot, and as soon as a carriage with a bed in it could be got down, he was brought into the house. Dr. F. gave no hope from the first, but said there was probably a large blood-vessel ruptured on the brain. Between 9 and 10 o'clock, the doctor put his ear to his heart, and said, "he is almost gone;" but the sweet spirit had fled. A look of heavenly peace came over that dear countenance.

"It is not so much by what our dear boy said, for he did not speak much on religious subjects, but by his daily walk through life, and by the consolation that has been most graciously poured into our hearts since, that we can feel so fully satisfied as to his eternal state, although so suddenly called away.

"It was our little M. A.'s birthday the day before her dear brother's death, and he wished his sisters to repeat to her :

'Count not the days that have idly flown,
The years that were vainly spent,' &c.

* * * * *

But number the hours redeemed from sin,
The moments employed for heaven.'

And remarked that by this standard the lives of most would be very short.

"Some little time back, he observed, he liked best the hymn beginning with :

' I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand.'

When very little, he once came and told his sister S. that he had been alone in the field, and that it seemed to him that the Lord had spoken to him, and told him he must be a minister. Our valued friend, W. W., remarked this morning, "And so he has been." I had observed with much satisfaction, for the past year especially, his increasing attachment to our religious meetings; no slight cause would keep him at home. He was particularly pleased with —'s visit here; he thought his ministry was just what was needed. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon, and was followed by a very solemn and satisfactory meeting. Earnestly do I desire that this awfully sudden call may be blessed to some poor wanderer. !

"And now, though the hope and stay of our declining years, he to whom I had looked as the protection of his dear sisters when I am gathered

to my fathers, is thus unexpectedly removed from us, I desire humbly and gratefully to commemorate the unbounded love and mercy of our Heavenly Father. Truly He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. No words can describe the wonderful manner in which He has supported and comforted us; beyond, very far beyond, all that we can either ask or think. My chief desire is, that the remembrance of the past few days may never pass away, and though we know that seasons of such especial favour are, in the orderings of the Divine will, succeeded by seasons of barrenness and drought, that we may be all enabled still "to look unto Jesus," until we are permitted to lay aside these frail tabernacles, and to enter that city whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise. Eternity seems to have been brought very near to us, as if we had been permitted, as it was to Moses, to have a view of the promised land. O, then, that we may be enabled to press forward for the short remainder of our pilgrimage, looking unto Him "whom having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see Him not, yet, believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

MARGARET HADWEN.

[The following notice came too late to be inserted in its proper place, at page 39.]

There is reason to believe that, through redeeming mercy, this dear friend was one of those "hidden ones" to whom the language is applicable, "They shall be mine, in that day when I make up my jewels." Brought up under the careful training of parents who loved the truth, with sisters to whom she was closely attached, the stream of her life flowed on, apparently but little ruffled by opposing currents; yet it pleased the Lord to prove her for many years with feeble health. This dispensation, and the sudden removal by death of a beloved sister, were, it is believed, greatly blessed ~~to~~ ^{*} her. The "precious faith" which is in Christ became more and more the secret stay of her mind. Her illness was short and suffering; but she was mercifully preserved in patience. When apprised

of the near approach of death, she appeared unmoved, calmly bidding her sisters farewell. On one of them remarking, the day before she died : "I have often desired that thy life might be spared with mine ;" she sweetly answered : " Yes, and I have, too ; but the time is come. I have had a happy home ; but now I have reason to hope that I am going to a far happier—a long and happy home—with a merciful Saviour, washed in his blood. I am ready." She peacefully breathed her last on the 2nd of the Twelfth month, 1859, in the 65th year of her age.

THE THREE-FOLD CORD.

ECCLES. IV. 12.

*Taken from a Letter, written by a Missionary in
Burmah, to an enquirer.*

You hope, my dear brother, that you have repented of sin, and put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. You now desire, above all things, to grow in grace, and attain the perfect love and enjoyment of God; but you find yourself perplexed about the way, amidst the various directions of the various classes of the Christian world; and you ask for a short manual of advice, plain to the understanding and convincing to the heart. I present you, therefore, with *The Three-fold Cord*. Lay hold of it with the hand of faith, and be assured it will draw your soul to God and heaven.

The first is the cord of *secret prayer*. Without this, the others have no strength. Secret prayer

is commonly considered a duty which must be performed morning and evening, in order to keep a conscience void of offence. But do not, my dear brother, entertain an opinion so defective. Look upon secret prayer as one of the three great works of thy life. Consider that thy time is short, and that business and company must not be allowed to rob thee of thy God.

Dost thou ask how to pray? There is One who is able and willing to teach thee. Whenever thou wouldst pray, draw towards Calvary; kneel at the foot of the mount; lift up thine eyes tremblingly, and, perchance, in tears, to thine incarnate God and Saviour, dying on the cross; confess thy guiltiness, implore his forgiveness; and believe me, my dear brother, that the Holy Spirit will quickly come and teach thee how to pray.

The second is the cord of *self-denial*; rough indeed to the hand of sense, and in the Roman Catholic Church often so abused, that we Protestants have become afraid of it, and thrown it away. But lay hold, my brother, with the hand of faith. It is one of the three, and without it the other two, although they may do some service, will not have firmness and consistency.

It is an acknowledged principle that every

faculty of the body and mind is strengthened and improved by use, weakened and impaired by disuse. It is needless to produce proofs and illustrations—they are found in every day's experience. Self-love, or the desire of self-gratification in the enjoyment of the riches, the honours, and the pleasures of this world, is the ruling principle of fallen man. In the new-born soul this principle, though wounded, still lives; and the more it is indulged the stronger it becomes.

And the way to dispossess self-love is to cease indulging it; to regard and treat self as an enemy, a vicious animal, for instance, whose propensities are to be thwarted, whose indulgences are to be curtailed as far as can be done consistently with its utmost serviceableness; or, in the language of scripture, to deny self, and take up the cross daily; to keep under the body, and bring it into subjection; to mortify the members which are upon the earth; to cease from loving the world and the things of the world.

Alas for those whose days are spent in pampering their bodies, under the idea of preserving life and health; who toil to lay up treasures upon earth, under the idea of providing for their children; who conform to the fashions of the world, under the idea of avoiding pernicious

singularity ; who use every means to maintain their character, and extend their reputation, under the idea of gaining more influence, and, thereby, capacity for serving the cause. How can such enter the kingdom of heaven? "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Wouldst thou, my brother, belong to the happy few? Wouldst thou subdue that inordinate self-love, which has hitherto shut out the love of God from thy heart, and impeded thy progress in the heavenly way? Adopt a course of daily, habitual self-denial ; be content with the plainest diet ; keep thy body under ; cease adorning thy person ; discard all finery ; cut off the supplies of vanity and pride ; prefer in thy habitation to suffer inconveniences, to slothful ease and carnal indulgence ; allow no vain amusements ; engage in no conversation, read no book, that interrupts thy communion with God ; avoid, as much as possible, the contaminating touch of worldly things, and, by shutting the avenues of thy soul against the solicitations of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, endeavour to weaken the deadly influence of the world.

Art thou ready to say in despair, "Alas for me ! bound by a thousand chains, loaded by a thousand

burdens, how can I ever live a holy life of self-denial?" Remember there is One who is able and willing to help thee. It is commonly, if not always, the case with young converts, that the Holy Spirit draws them towards the path of self-denial. We can all, perhaps, remember the time when we had such a sense of our unworthiness, that we were desirous of denying ourselves of every indulgence—when we had such a sense of the danger of temptation and the dreadful power of sin, that we were willing to renounce all things in order to live a holy life. But we were frightened by the phantoms of Romish austerities, of self-inflicted mortifications, over-much righteousness, religious enthusiasm, &c. We shut our eyes to the dawning light, turned away our ears from the heavenly call. The Spirit ceased to strive, and we have been swept away with the tide.

Return, O mistaken soul, to thy first love. God is still waiting to be gracious. Dost thou not feel a secret impulse, as thou readest these lines, that this is the truth?—an incipient desire to comply? Yield thyself to the heavenly influence; make an immediate beginning; wait not till thou seest the whole path clearly illumined. Expect not meridian brightness while thy sun is yet struggling with the dark vapours which rest on thy earthly

horizon, the confines of a still darker world. The path of self-denial is to carnal eyes a veiled path, a mystery of the Divine Kingdom. Whilst thou hesitatest at the first sacrifice required, expect no further admonition, no further light. But if thou wilt do what thy hands find to do, this hour; if thou wilt, in childlike simplicity and humble obedience, take the first step, thou shalt see the second, which now thou seest not; and, as thou advancest, thou shalt find the path of self-denial open most wonderfully and delightfully before thee; thou shalt find it sweet to follow thy dear Lord and Saviour, bearing the cross, and shalt be soon enabled to say:

“ Sweet is the cross, above all sweets,
To souls enamoured with Thy smiles.”

The third is the cord of *doing good*. This imparts beauty and utility to the rest. It is written of the Lord Jesus, that *He went about doing good*. Art thou His disciple? Imitate his example and go about doing good. *Do good!* Let this be thy motto. Regard every human being as thy own brother; look on every one thou meetest with eyes of love, and hope that he will be thy loving and beloved companion in the bright world above. Rejoice in every opportunity of doing him good, temporally or spiritually—comfort him in trouble—

relieve his wants—instruct his ignorance—enlighten his darkness—warn him of his danger—show him the way of salvation. Persuade and constrain him to become thy fellow traveller in that blessed way—follow him with offices of kindness, and love—bear with all his infirmities. Be not weary in well-doing ; remember that thy Saviour bore long with thee, covering thy pollution with the robe stained with His own blood, that the wrath of God might not strike thee. And when He thus forgives thy immense debt, canst thou not bear with thy fellow debtor ?

By practising self-denial, thou weakenest the debasing principle of inordinate self-love ; and by doing good, thou cherishest the heavenly principle of holy benevolence. Let these exercises, quickened and sanctified by secret prayer, be the regular work of each day of thy life.

Thus I present thee, brother, with *The Three-fold Cord*—the three grand means of growing in grace, of gaining the victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil—of drawing the soul from earth to heaven. *Means*, I say, for I speak not now of faith, the living operative principle within—the hand with which thou must lay hold of *The Three-fold Cord*. Wilt thou accept my present ? It is more to thee than all the treasures of the

earth. Go to thy place of prayer; stretch out the hand of faith, and implore the Holy Spirit, who is even now hovering over thee, to strengthen thee to take hold for life!

Dost thou hesitate, O my brother? do not, I beseech thee; O do not grieve the Holy Spirit! Disappoint not the fond hopes of thy longing Saviour. Renounce the world—renounce thyself, and flee into his loving arms, which are open to receive and embrace thee. Thou wilt soon find such sweetness as thou hast never yet conceived. Thou wilt begin to live in a new world, to breathe a new atmosphere, and to behold the light of heaven shining around thee; and thou wilt begin to love the Lord thy God in a new manner when he is “pacified towards thee for all that thou hast done.”*

* See Wayland's excellent *Life of Judson*.

WAIT.

From Kitto's Bible Illustrations.

THIRTY years ago, before "the Lord caused me to wander from my father's house," and from my native place, I put my mark upon this passage in Isaiah,—“I am the Lord: they shall not be ashamed that wait for Me.” Of the many books I now possess, the Bible that bears this mark is the only one that belonged to me at that time. It now lies before me; and I find that, although the hair which was then dark as night, has meanwhile become “a sable silvered,” the ink which marked this text has grown into intensity of blackness as the time advanced, corresponding with, and in fact recording, the growing intensity of the conviction, that “they shall not be ashamed that wait for Thee.” I believed it then; but I know it now; and I can write *probatum est*,

with my whole heart, over against the symbol, which that mark is to me, of my ancient faith.

“They shall not be ashamed that wait for Me.” Looking back through the long period which has passed since I set my mark to these words—a portion of human life which forms the best and brightest, as well as the most trying and conflicting in all men’s experience—it is a joy to be able to say: “I have waited for Thee, and have not been ashamed. Under many perilous circumstances, in many most trying scenes, amid faintings within and fears without, and under sorrows that rend the heart, and troubles that crush it down, I have waited for Thee; and, lo, I stand this day as one not ashamed.”

Old scholars and divines were wont to write or paint on the walls of their studies some favourite sentence from the sages of old, or some chosen text of Scripture. Those inclined to follow this custom, could not do better than write up this one word, “WAIT.” It is but a monosyllable; yet it is fuller of meaning than any other word in the language, and it is applicable to all ages, and to all circumstances. At the first slight view, merely to “wait,” seems so simple a thing, that it is scarcely entitled to be called a grace; and yet larger promises are made to it than to any other

grace, except faith ; and hardly, indeed, with that exception, for the grace of “ waiting ” is part of the grace of faith—is a form of faith—is, as some would describe it, an effect of faith ; or more strictly, one of its most fruitful manifestations.

Great and singular is the honour which God has set upon patient waiting for Him. Man, seeing not as God sees, sets higher value upon his fellows’ *active* works—the bright deeds of days or hours. God values these also ; but He does not assign them the same pre-eminence which man assigns them ; He does not allow them any pre-eminence over that constant and long-enduring struggle with the risings of the natural mind, which is evinced in long and steady waiting under all discouragements for Him—in the assured conviction that He will come at last for deliverance and protection, although his chariot wheels are so long in coming.

It requires but little reflection to perceive that the Lord’s judgment in this matter is better than man’s. *Active* virtue brings present reward with it. Apart from the encouraging applause it obtains from some—more or fewer—it is attended with a pleasurable excitation of spirits, in the mere sense of action, as well as in the hopes and aspirations connected with it. There is nothing

of this in mere patient waiting—day after day, through long years perhaps, and it may be in dust and ashes—until the Lord shall *manifest* towards us in love, his sympathy, his care. But to rest thus in the assured conviction that He will do so—to do Him the credit of believing that nothing less than this is his intention towards us—is a tribute rendered by faith to his honour, a tribute which He holds in most high esteem, and which He does most abundantly recompense. This recompense such faith needs ; for it is a quality of the Christian character which, as God only can truly understand it, finds little encouragement but from Him. It receives, less than any other, the outer sustainment of man's approval and admiration.

It is also eminently conducive to the completion of the Christian character in its peculiar qualities, to nourish that habit of constant looking to the Lord, of constant dependence on Him, of vital faith in Him, of constant readiness for Him—which is far more precious in his sight than all the gold, frankincense, and myrrh, of which men could make oblation to Him. It is, therefore, no marvel, that this passive form is that chiefly, both for their soul's good and for his own honour, in which God has in all ages seen fit to exercise his

servants—from ancient Abraham down to the youngest son of Abraham's faith. Let us take comfort and encouragement from these most true things.

Art thou plunged deep into troubles from which the hand of man will not or cannot save thee? or does thy soul lie in the deep waters, from which no strength of man can draw thee forth? “Wait on the Lord and He shall save thee;”* and cry to Him, “Thou art the God of my salvation; on Thee do I wait all the day.”†

Is thy good evil spoken of among men; and thy name cast forth as evil among those who once delighted in thee, but who now seek to lay thine honour in the dust? Fear not. All will be right anon. Thy Vindicator lives, and will ere long bring thee forth in white robes, free from all the stains that men strive to cast upon thee. Remember that thy Lord suffered all this, and much more, for thee. Remember “The Lord is a God of judgment. Blessed are all they that wait for Him.”‡

There are two bitter enemies of man's true life—the world without him, and the world within him—the world in his heart. The conflict is

* Proverbs xx. 22.

† Psalm xxv. 5.

‡ Isaiah xxx. 18.

sometimes terrible, and thou dost sometimes feel as one left without strength, and thy hands fail, and thy heart grows faint. What is this but to teach thee where thy true strength lies, and to cast thee off from every other? "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage; and He shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord."*

Sometimes the discouragement is deeper yet. We live under the hidings of our Master's face. He seems to have covered himself with a thick cloud, which our sight cannot pierce, and which our prayers cannot pass through—they fall consciously short of their aim, and come back to the dull earth, flat and unprofitable. But be of good cheer. This cannot last for ever, nor last long. Only "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him;"† and be assured that "the Lord is good to them that wait for Him;"‡ and although it may be that now, for a little while, thou liest void of strength, and almost lifeless upon the ground, yet amid this chilliness, still wait; though wounded, wait—holding fast the conviction which his promise gives. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with

* Psalm xxvii. 14. † Psalm xxxvii. 7. ‡ Lam. iii. 25.

wings as eagles ; they shall run and not be weary ; they shall walk and not faint.”*

To have waited for the Lord, He allows to constitute a claim to His tender consideration for us. “Be gracious to us : we have waited for Thee.”† And no one ever yet could truly say, “I waited patiently for the Lord,” without being enabled rejoicingly to add,—“and He heard my cry.”‡ And in that day of full fruition of all we have waited for, shall we not, out of the fullness of our replenished hearts, cry with exulting shouts to all that pass by : “Lo, this is our God ; we have waited for Him, and He will save us ; this is the Lord ; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation ?”§

* Isaiah xl. 31. † Isaiah xxxiii. 2. ‡ Psalm xl. 1. § Isaiah xxv. 9.

Watch and Pray.

Matthew ch. xxvi., v. 41.

Our Saviour's words are "Watch and Pray."
Lord make us willing to obey,
Able thy counsel to fulfil;
From thee must come both power and will.

Then, wisdom from above impart,
To keep our hand, our tongue, our heart,
In thought, word, deed, that so we may
Pray while we watch, watch while we pray.

Lest, while we watch and fear no snare,
We fall into neglect of prayer;
Or, while we pray, but watch not, sin
Creep like a subtle serpent in.

When by an evil world beset,
Allurements smile, or dangers threat,
Well may we watch our Master's eye,
And pray for faith to fight or fly.

Our strength be His omnipotence,
His truth our sole and sure defence :
His grace can help the feeblest saint
To watch and pray, and never faint.

For He, who gave commandment thus,
Oft watch'd and pray'd on earth for us ;
And still, with interceding love,
Watches and prays for us above.

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